

THE BURLESQUE NUMBER of **Life**



SEPTEMBER 10, 1925

PRICE 15 CENTS

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"



Cushion yourself against rough travel, enjoy the ease of mind of super-traction, and dress your car with distinction by equipping with

Goodrich Silvertown Balloons

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

In Canada: The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario

New Chrysler Six

Emphasizes Chrysler's Quality Standards



Measure the world of difference between Chrysler Six quality and ordinary standards, by the astonishment which featured the announcement of the new and greater Chrysler Six.

Automobile men knew the Chrysler's already wide margin of superiority in performance, materials and craftsmanship. Naturally, any attempt at increasing that margin was unlooked for because it seemed entirely uncalled for.

Overwhelming public approval—sales success surpassing anything in the industry—the complete and deep-seated satisfaction of 61,000 owners—such has been the sensational success of the Chrysler Six.

But this success merely served to inspire Chrysler and his men.

The fact is, that from the day the first Chrysler Six appeared nearly two years ago, Walter P. Chrysler and his staff have been diligently and unremittingly laboring to improve upon its quality, its beauty and its unprecedented results.

This new Chrysler Six strides for-

ward just as Chrysler Six results of two years ago set new standards for all car quality and performance.

Many new developments make the Chrysler Six still more remarkable for prodigal power, for acceleration, for smoothness, for economy, for durability, for beauty, for delightful ease of driving. In all of these features it is so notably improved, that Chrysler again rises above comparison with any competition.

The new Chrysler Six has approximately 10 per cent more power torque. It accelerates from 5 to 25 miles in seven seconds. It gives 70 miles an hour and over with still greater ease and smoothness. It operates with velvety smoothness under all conditions, without the slightest trace of vibration. Despite increased power, it delivers 20 and more miles to the gallon.

You get this notably increased quality at materially lower new prices. In the latest body colors it is more attractive than ever.

Your Chrysler dealer is ready and eager to have you drive and test the Chrysler Six as you please.

Chrysler Six

The Phaeton	\$1395
The Coach	1445
The Roadster	1625
The Sedan	1695
The Royal Coupe	1795
The Brougham	1865
The Imperial	1995
The Crown-Imperial	2095

F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

Chrysler Four

The Touring Car	\$895
The Club Coupe	995
The Coach	1045
The Sedan	1095

F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.



CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

CHRYSLER SIX

But I can't possibly!

"WE'LL be over for you in ten minutes," her friend was saying on the 'phone.

"But I can't possibly make it that soon," she protested. "It wouldn't even give me time for a tub and to get dressed!"

She was in a terrible quandary. Then suddenly something occurred to her—an advertisement she had read about using Listerine to freshen up quickly. It solved her problem. And she joined the party.

* * *

Listerine really is delightfully refreshing and effective as a perspiration deodorant.

And there are many occasions for using it this way, particularly in summer: when you feel hot and uncomfortable—maybe after shopping; when you want to freshen up quickly after exercising; when traveling on trains makes you wish for the old tub back home.

It does the trick—and it's safe. Listerine won't irritate the skin or stain garments. You'll be delighted with it.

To test the deodorizing properties of Listerine, simply try this some day: Rub a little fresh onion on your hand. Then douse on Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

You'll say it's remarkable—and it is.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

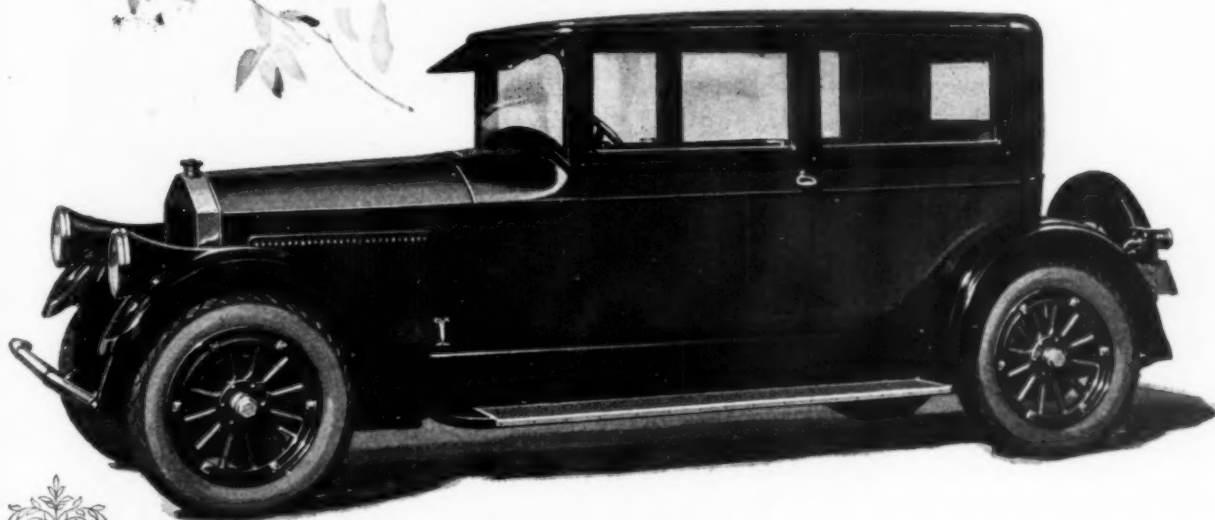
LISTERINE



—the safe antiseptic

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations.—25 cents.

PIERCE ARROW *BUILDS A* COACH



AND-BUILT! This beautiful new coach is purely Pierce-Arrow. The moderate price is due to the inherent economy and simplicity of the coach design, rendered even *more* economical by Pierce-Arrow engineers and craftsmen.

Through the spacious doors one steps into an interior of limousine comfort. No need to tilt the front chair seat. This seat arrangement provides easy passageway.

The lounge-like rear seat, deeply cushioned, is a full 50 inches wide. Three ride easily with space to spare.

Rich textured upholstery—soil-proof and wear-proof. Silk roller window curtains. Silk toggle grips. Mahogany vanity case and smoking outfit. A dome light. Distinctive hardware throughout. And everything showing that beautiful care which is recognized as Pierce-Arrow hand work.

Behind this luxury, giving it both permanence and safety, is a superstructure designed and built by men accustomed only to fine car standards of strength and durability.

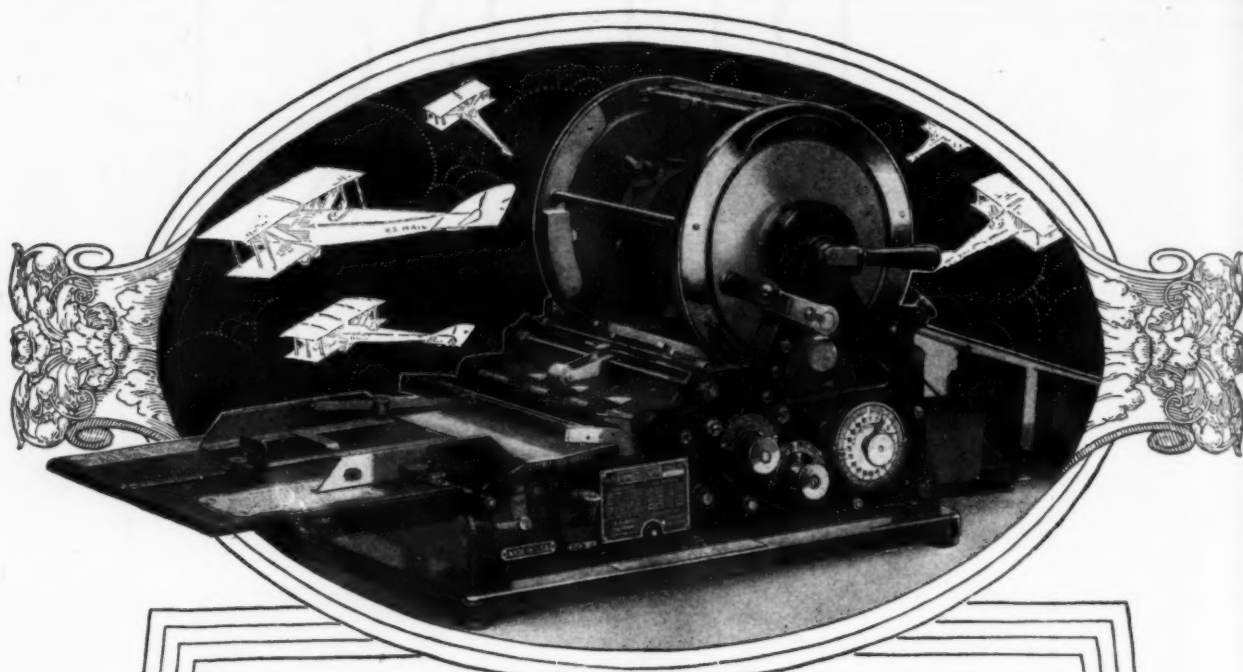
And underneath, guaranteeing Pierce-Arrow performance, dependability and economy, the standard *Series 80* chassis, with its flexible seventy-horsepower, six-cylinder Pierce-Arrow engine. Four-wheel brakes and balloon tires. Houdaille Shock Absorbers standard equipment.

Pierce-Arrow representatives are now demonstrating America's first *custom-built coach*. A moderate first payment, balance to be evenly distributed over a period of months, will assure early delivery. You are invited to see the car at the nearest Pierce-Arrow showrooms. Choose from six color combinations of refreshing individuality.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

America's First Custom-built Coach

\$3150
at Buffalo, Plus Tax



FAST MAIL

If you found yourself in the predicament of having to put into the mails a thousand copies of an important letter or bulletin, within an hour, what would you do?

In that hour of need the Mimeograph is the only instrument you could hope to depend upon. And then the quantity might be multiplied, for the hourly grist of this speedy duplicator easily runs into the thousands. And now, with the new Mimeotype stencil sheet, which reproduces clean-cut and exact copies of letters, forms, blanks, diagrams, etc., without moistening, its efficiency has been materially advanced. Send to the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, for *booklet* and you will conveniently learn how valuable time and money is being saved for unnumbered thousands of business and educational institutions throughout the world, and how they may be saved for you, by the

M I M E O G R A P H



Over a
MILLION
READERS
Many of Whom
Can Read

DAILY LIFE



FINAL
EDITION

10 PAGES

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1925

15 CENTS

LOVE PACT PROBE



DAINTY Lillian Durkee ("Miss South Boston"), winner of the Atlantic Bluffs Bathing Beauty Contest and a DAILY LIFE entry. She is shown here entering the surf for her daily "dip" shortly after being told the good news. "I am a great reader of DAILY LIFE," she told a reporter just before her battle with the breakers, "and some days, when my headache is not too bad, I read what it says under the pictures. I am sure that I don't know how I could have won the contest had it not been for DAILY LIFE, or my mother either."—Story on page 11.



BRUTAL axe-pest, George LaMoll of 1367 Wheeden Ave., Queens, poses for DAILY LIFE photographer, showing how he hacked victims after knocking them down first. LaMoll, in the custody of Detective Ermbody, is shown with axe (arrow).



REUNITED by tiny hands are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hess of 157 Water Street, Astoria, principals in divorce action which has centered around custody of child Odwin Hess, 18 months, of New Brighton. Mr. Hess demanded that Mrs. Hess have custody of Odwin, while she insisted that he assume responsibility. Case was settled by sending Odwin to Plattsburg.

Millionaire "Scorcher" Leaves Trail of Human Wreckage

THIS FIEND IN HUMAN FORM—GLORIFYING IN THE NAME OF "SCORCHER"—INFESTS OUR HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS, LEAVING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN HIS WAKE.



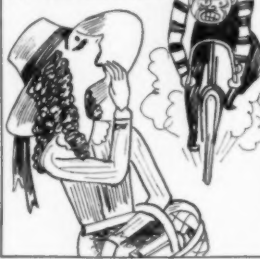
LOVE

THE OTHER DAY, LITTLE PANSY SHIRT'S OLD GRANNY SENT HER TO THE CORNER GROCERY TO BUY A BOTTLE OF GIN—LITTLE THINKING THAT PANSY MIGHT MEET WITH WORSE THAN DEATH ON THE ROAD



INSPIRATION

ON HER WAY HOME, ONE OF THESE VAMPIRES OF THE ROAD BORE DOWN UPON PANSY ON HIS SPEEDING "SAFETY"—PANSY WAS HIT AND LEFT BRUISED BY THE ROADSIDE



VANITY

FRANCIS X. KLOTZ, A NOBLE POLICEMAN, PICKED PANSY UP, BUT THE "SCORCHER" SPED AWAY LAUGHING HIDEOUSLY



AMBITION

WHEN PANSY COULD SIT DOWN AGAIN WITH ANY COMFORT, KLOTZ MARRIED HER—BUT THE "SCORCHER" IS STILL AT LARGE—LOOKING FOR MORE VICTIMS



FRATERNITY

Nearly every day is a story in the news that makes right-thinking people's blood boil. The rich, who can afford to own speeding bicycles, look upon the common people like so much dirt under their feet, and behave accordingly. The bicycle, a bauble of the idle rich, has become a MENACE to all. Mothers, wives and daughters are not SAFE in the streets of our cities and our country lanes while we continue to tolerate this modern JUGGERNAUT. Even the honest laborer quakes for life and limb as he plods to and from his work. Bicycles, or "safeties,"

as they are called in the propaganda of the rich, are capable of attaining a TERRIFIC speed when ridden by the reckless and ruthless "scorching" demon and the police are usually powerless to catch the brutes after they have run down citizens. If our lawmakers would WAKE UP they would put these dastardly attacks on a par with murder and arson and stipulate the ELECTRIC CHAIR as punishment. We should then soon find the "scorcher" off our streets, cowering in fear behind the velvet draperies of his Riverside Drive mansion.

Miss Muffet Bares Shame Pact

Girl Victim Lays Blame for Tuffet Crime on "City Spider" in Signed Confession to DAILY LIFE

by Little Miss Muffet

The dear, kind, fatherly editor of DAILY LIFE has asked me to write my own story of my terrible experiences in my own way. I am only a young girl, of course and cannot write nothing like the clever young gentlemen and ladies he employs, but I will try to do my best because I think it may be a warning to other young girls and because I appreciate the dear, kind fatherly treatment he has gave me.

Well, I was only a young girl, and I was stranded out there in the country because my boy friend had made me walk home, and there I was setting on a tuffet, and I will tell the world a tuffet is a tough thing to set on, and I was eating some curds and whey which a old farmer lady had gave me.



Spied Upon

And I will tell the world that curds and whey are not no gastronomy knockouts for a young girl who is used to having the best, if she does say so herself. Well, suddenly the most terri-

ble feeling come over me. I guess I'm "psychic" or something, although I am only a young girl, but anyway, I felt as if I was being "watched." Well, I turned around, and there was this big bozo sitting right there beside me on my own tuffet.

And the minute I saw him I thought of a "spider." Yes, sir, I said to myself, "That man is a human spider, if ever there was one." That is exactly what I said to myself.

Well, I am only a young girl and do not know much about wickedness and such things, as my mother always treated me like a baby and used to burn up most of the magazines I brought home, but, anyway, no man, least of all one that looks

like a "spider," can sit on my own tuffet and act up gay. So I said to him, I said, "Say," I said, "you've got a nerve, you have," I said. Those were my very words, and I would not lie to the editor of DAILY LIFE, because he is such a dear, kind, fatherly man and has treated me very nice and respectful.

Hurls Defi

So this fellow, he said, "Lady I did not mean no harm," and I said, "The 'H' you didn't," and I said, "You will find out nobody can get gay with me," and I said, "Wait till the jury hears about this," I said, "sitting right on my own tuffet," I said.

So with that, although I am only a young girl, I lammed him one. And he went away.

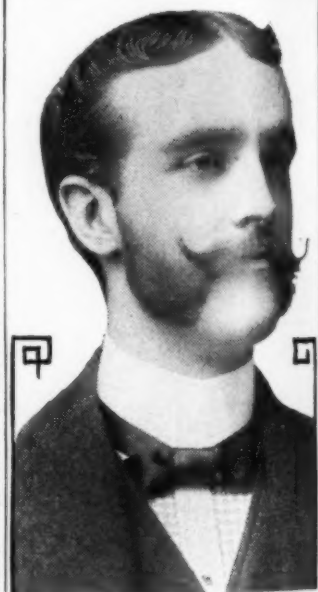
Well, that is why I am writing my life history for the dear, kind, fatherly editor of DAILY LIFE and that is why I am suing this gentleman for half of a million dollars.

There is no spidery looking man that can get fresh with this baby, even although I am only a young girl.

STARTING TOMORROW in DAILY LIFE the TRUE CONFESSIONS of LITTLE BO-PEEP, sixteen and pretty, who LOST her "SHEEP."

"First to last—the TRUTH! TEN MILLION circulation by 1970."

Have You Seen This Child?



This forlorn kiddy, tiny Jack Phnf, of 3314 Beach View Drive, Michigan City, disappeared from home shortly after the election of William McKinley. His parents don't know what to think. He had brown hair, blue eyes and his favorite motion picture star is Tom Mix.

LOVE-NEST RAIDED — 4 SLAIN

Mystery Girl Nabbed in Fracas Below Deadline

Patrolmen Kelly, Paszeczinski, Schultz and Mountbatten today raided a love-nest at 14 City Hall Park, West, and arrested eleven young people, a colored maid, the Secretary of the Treasury and a man who denied that he is John J. McGraw, manager of the New York Giants.

The bride wore a gown of ivory white tulle made with inserts of rare old Italian Michael Angelo lace over flesh-colored satin. She carried a bouquet of lavender orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. The groom wore the conventional black.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

For every letter published on this ever beautiful subject, DAILY LIFE will hand out a sock on the nose. Address manuscripts to Box 18, Dead Letter Post Office.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

Riding in the subway, I noticed the handbag of the woman to the left of me was open. Wishing to call her attention to it, I turned to an elderly gentleman on the other side of me and said, "pardon me, mister, but hadn't you better tuck in your shirt?"

He laughed heartily and replied, "that's my umbrella." Well, I certainly "spilled the beans" that time.

EUSTACE FULP,
R. F. D. 9.

A WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE

Having gone out in my lunch hour to purchase a dwarf parrot I was eager to display my purchase to my boss. Imagine my discomfiture upon unwrapping the package to find it contained no parrot but a pair of bright red overalls! I had forgotten that I had changed my mind at the last moment.

MIMI PRONTZ,
c/o S. S. Berengaria.

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINO

Well, I was cracking a safe, and, as I thought, had done a pretty neat job of it. When I got home with the swag, I looked in the mirror and found that my necktie had slipped up under my left ear where it must have been all that time. I promptly went into hysterics.

ST. JOHN WAVERLY
The Ritz Carlton.

WAR DECLARED

(Special to DAILY LIFE)

LONDON.—Great Britain today declared war on France.

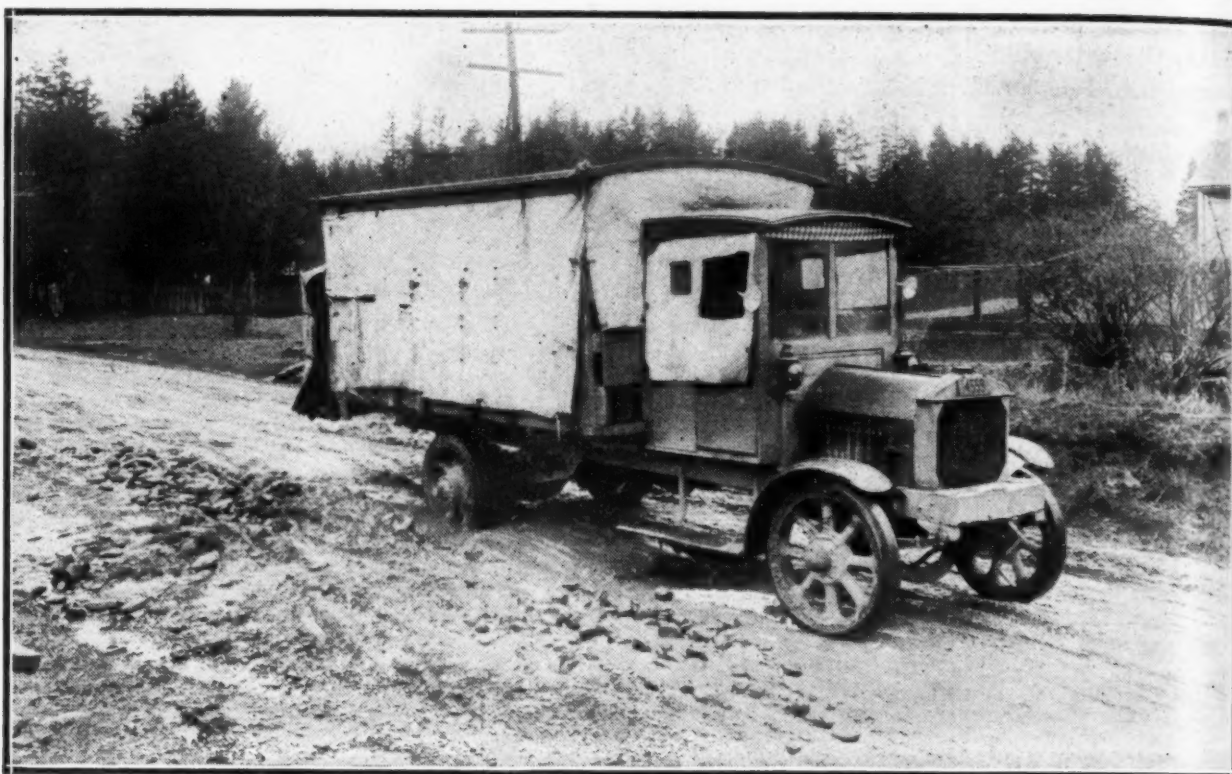


FRIENDLY EXCHANGE of shots by cops and thugs during love-nest raid yesterday attracted attention in downtown district during noon hour. Diagram above explains how it all happened.



SAME SCENE fifty years ago, showing how our city has expanded since DAILY LIFE started its campaign to abolish awnings. Recognize any "landmarks"?

Rally to 'Save McMurtrie Boulevard'



DISGRACEFUL CONDITIONS prevail along McMurtrie Boulevard where truckloads of goods from Canada are delayed many hours in transit. Here is shown one costly consignment brought to a sudden stop in full view of thousands at the height of the rush hour. (Story below)

Throngs Cheer as DAILY LIFE Starts Whirlwind Drive to Clean Up Famed Artery

"Save McMurtrie Boulevard" is the slogan of a city-wide campaign inaugurated yesterday by DAILY LIFE for the purpose of saving McMurtrie Boulevard.

McMurtrie Boulevard is in a perfectly frightful condition. This much was revealed in the course of a searching investigation by two DAILY LIFE reporters. It was developed among other things that:

1. The pavement is all mused up.
2. Pedestrians are allowed at large.
3. Children are permitted to dig their heels into the soft spots in the asphalt.

At the corner of Marcy Avenue was found an unusually ugly dent. This was said to have been caused by a pedestrian deliberately placing himself in the path of an approaching motor truck.

Similar acts of vandalism are a daily occurrence on McMurtrie Boulevard.

The City Charter expressly provides that McMurtrie Boulevard shall be repaved every seven years, rain or shine.

How about this, Mr. Comptroller?

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, GIRLS!

DAILY LIFE wants a slogan for its Save McMurtrie Boulevard Campaign. It must be short—not over forty-four words, and should convey the idea that McMurtrie Boulevard must be saved. Send us your slogan and win a Big Prize.

The campaign is on! DAILY LIFE is in this fight to WIN.

"Save McMurtrie Boulevard." (Picture on Page 16)

For further developments in the great Save McMurtrie Boulevard Campaign see tomorrow's DAILY LIFE.

SIX MONTHS AGO TO-DAY

From the Files of DAILY LIFE

Noted Beauty Seeks Heart Balm—Only a Friend, Says Wealthy Bachelor.

Society Leader Drug Victim—Warns Girls of Needle's Lure. Bares Love Nest Secrets—"I Was Only a Damned Babe," Sobs Fair Coryphee.

Millionaire Named in Triangle—Only a Friend, Says Wealthy Bachelor.

Tangled Heartstrings Wreck Home—"Woman Lured Me," Benedict's Excuse.

Torso Murder Victim Identified—Only a Friend, Says Wealthy Bachelor.

Follies Charmer's Black Eye—Only a Friend, Says Count.

"Broadway Beat Me"—Country Lass Grills White Lights. Chinatown White Queen Snaps Life's Thread—Only a Friend, Says Wealthy Bachelor.

FRANCE PAYS

PARIS.—A certified check for \$4,991,354,012 was forwarded to Washington today in full payment of all French war debts to the United States.

Radio Vamp

North Jersey Town Hunts Mystery Girl

(Special to Daily Life)

Travellers in Holland seldom neglect to visit historic Vollen-

dam, on the Zuyder Zee. It is but a short distance by train

or motor from Amsterdam, and provides the tourist with a view

of Dutch peasantry which is not to be found elsewhere.

Here one may see the traditional Dutch

boys and girls in their wide trousers, or skirts, as the case

may be, and these quaint costumes, set against a background

of windmills and blue sky, afford a scene of unusual picturesque-

ness. Near Vollen-dam one may also visit numerous farms where the famous "Edam Cheese" is manufactured.

(Picture on Page 1)



Pres. Coolidge

Newlyweds Cop Prize in Limerix Tilt

Sheik Mobbed

Dapper Youth Routed In Bronx Melee

(Special to Daily Life)

Among the famous writers in English history, Charles Dickens stands well to the fore. Born at Landport, February 7th, 1812, he soon displayed an aptitude for literature which was later to stand him in good stead. He became editor of "Household Words" in 1850 and "All the Year Round" in 1859, and visited America in 1842 and again in 1867-68, where he lectured.

Dickens died on June 9th, 1870, and will be remembered for his many novels, among which "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Oliver Twist" are well known.

(Picture on Page 21)



Henry Ford



HAPPY SMILES adorned the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Trowel when told by a DAILY LIFE reporter that they had won the handsome Villa Plot on Old Point Comfort for their last line. "But you can't fool all the people all the time," in the DAILY LIFE Lucky Limerix Contest. "We're to have our dream home at last," said Mrs. Trowel, fainting prettily.

LUCKY LIMERIX

DAILY LIFE will pay \$25,000 (fifty thousand dollars) for the best last-line limerick submitted each day. Try YOUR luck! YOU may win the \$100,000 (two hundred thousand dollars and eight cents).

DIRECTIONS

1. Go to the nearest stationery store and buy a clean, fresh pad of paper and plenty of well sharpened pencils. Paper may

be ruled or plain, but DAILY LIFE will not accept limerix written on Laundry lists because of the danger of "blankets, pillowcases and pajamas, male" getting mixed up with the rhymes and spoiling the meter.

2. Compose yourself.

3. Write last line lightly in pencil on a blank check and sign your name in ink on the line provided for that purpose.

TO-DAY'S LIMERICK

There was an old monk of Siberia
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned;
You may be the world to your mother,
London Bridge is falling down:

".....!"

FOREIGN NEWS

Fascisti Sing Alto.

Riff Parley Ends in Hugging.

Caillaux Fills Inside Straight.

ROME.—Thirty-three Fascist deputies, together with people claiming to be their wives, attended a large gathering at the home of Ernest M. Wallin, 1457 Oak Cone Avenue, Marley, New Jersey, yesterday. The affair was a quiet one except for the stumbling over a large tin vat by Mr. Wallin who was an ideal host otherwise.



LONDON.—French forces chased two Riffs all the way from the drug-store to their front-porch yesterday where they disappeared from view. The official communique stated that the Riffs had been identified as Arthur Hosting and Ralph Wall, both of East Riff. The American fliers who have joined the French forces in Morocco were reported over the Cafe de la Paix late last night.

ROME.—Excavators near here report the discovery of an ancient Roman camp-chair in perfect condition except that in folding it up you have to be careful not to squeeze your fingers, it is said.

PARIS.—Following a stormy session in the Chamber this morning, M. Ernest Croix, deputy from Bordeaux, is reported to have said that he had a good mind to go home and take a hot bath and get right into bed. "That is the best thing for a cold," he is reported to have added. The franc to-day dropped to one franc.

DIDJEVER?

(DAILY LIFE will pay eighteen thousand dollars for each "DIDJEVER" published.)

DIDJEVER see a waiter give you back the tip you give him?
MINNA TOONEY,

18 Bryant Park, East.

DIDJEVER say "good morning" to the milkman when you was saying "good night" to a homely girl?

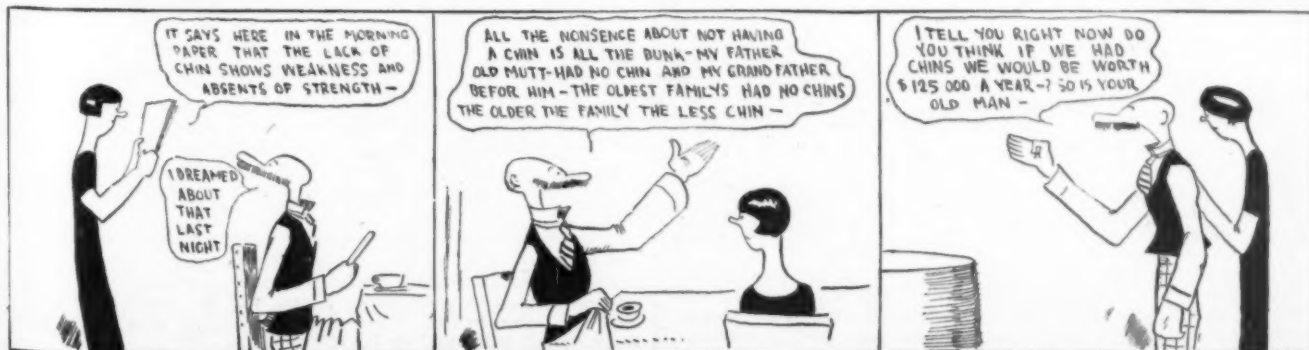
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON,
Hants, Eng.

DIDJEVER see the back of your neck?

(Mrs.) GUSSIE MATTHEWS,
1226 Bleep St., Pittsfield, Mass.

THE WHAMS

Is Zat So?



The Society Sleuth

A True Story
from Real Life

Riches—wealth—gold—luxury—these were his for the asking.

And yet he turned from the lure of society into the dark alleys of crime that he might find—WHAT?

No one knows the answer to this question.

But read the amazing adventures of Roger Wolf-Wolf, THE SOCIETY SLEUTH, and see for yourself whether YOU would have given up riches—wealth—gold—luxury—to follow the dark alleys of crime as he did.

ON his sixteenth birthday Roger Wolf-Wolf was made an honorary detective by the good and kind Commissioner of Police.

"It is not because your father is a very rich man that I am doing this," said the Commissioner. "It is because I so dearly love children and like to see them happy. You will be allowed to carry the magic letters P. D. upon your racing car, although you are too young of course to have a car. You will thus be able to drive through traffic lines and avoid the bother of waiting in line at ferries. Your badge will enable you to visit all ball games and theatres free of charge."

Roger thanked the Commissioner politely, for he had been brought up in the best society.

"I am going to specialize in society crimes," he said. "All my friends are in society and I can get information that the ordinary policeman could not obtain."

"We have no ordinary policemen," said the Commissioner in mild rebuke.

An Odd Mishap

ROGER took his shield, his pistol, his handcuffs and his billy and departed to look for clues and society crimes. As he reached the corner of the street on which the police headquarters was situated he saw a man murdering his wife. The man was poorly dressed and the woman wore a hat that was obviously last season's model, but that did not deter the young society sleuth.

"Perhaps they are disguised," he reflected. "I will do a little detective work and find out."

He stepped into a nearby booth and called up his valet.

"Bring down my palm beach suit. I wish to disguise myself as a wholesale grocery salesman," he said. "And be sure to have the blinds of the limousine drawn so that I can change my clothes without being seen."

When Roger emerged from

the limousine a half hour later the most careful observer could not have detected that he was not a wholesale grocery salesman. He walked boldly up to the man who was still murdering his wife, and addressed him. "I beg your pardon," he said flashing his shield, "but I'm a society detective."

"Are you indeed?" said the murderer, desisting for the moment from his nefarious crime.

"He looks to me like a wholesale grocery salesman," said

the wife who was in a semi-moribund condition.

"No, I'm really a detective," said Roger. "Are you in society?"

"No," replied the blood-stained scoundrel.

"Why, you've just been tapped for the John T. Dorgan Social Club," corrected his wife whose life was ebbing fast.

"I'm afraid," said the young sleuth, "that you belong to the lower classes, and your case hardly comes within my jurisdiction."

The murderer and his victim thanked him for his kindness most politely for persons in their station of life, and Roger stepped jauntily into his waiting limousine and sped uptown. A clock in a nearby town struck six, so the young detective divested himself of his palm beach suit and donned his evening clothes. "It would never do," he reflected, "to be seen without them after six."

The young detective nodded. "I will explain the purpose of my visit," said Mr. Peebles. "My wife, a lady of unquestioned social standing and unimpeachable antecedents,—she was a Thrum before I married her,—has mysteriously lost some three or four million dollars' worth of jewelry that she carried in a small bag hung around her neck."

"Ah," exclaimed Roger. "A society crime. You have come to the right person. Being in society myself I naturally can find out things that the average policeman cannot discover. If you will wait a few moments I will solve your mystery."

A Happy Thought

HE lifted up the receiver and called up a dozen society men whom he knew intimately and asked if they knew anything about the Peebles mystery. From each he received a negative answer.

"I am not baffled yet, Mr. Peebles," he said. "Or rather let us say that I am not foiled. I have still another clue."

So saying he called up Mrs. Murchison-Blenkinsop, the divorced wife of Admiral Murchison-Blenkinsop, and one of society's acknowledged leaders.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Murchison-Blenkinsop when Roger had explained the situation, "the string broke and the bag fell into her dress."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Roger, hanging up the receiver. "Call up your wife at once and ask her to look in her dress."

Ten minutes later the grateful Mr. Peebles was shaking the hand of the young society sleuth and thanking him for having solved his first mystery.

"Not at all," said Roger modestly, polishing his badge and replacing it in his pocket. "You see, being in society myself I have sources of information that are not available to the ordinary detective."

When first she reached the great city, a strange man approached her and said, "Madam, I am Santy Claus." She had always wanted to meet Santy Claus, and she could not believe that the stranger lied. Read the true story of this girl's problems, "HER ERROR," in DAILY LIFE.



"No, I'm really a detective," said Roger.

Gonnick Donates Park for Kiddies

Bridge King Sets Aside Great Tract in Heart of City
as Memorial to Girl-Ward

A new municipal playground with a capacity of thirty thousand school children playing simultaneously was yesterday donated by Joseph L. Gonnick, President of the Joseph L. Gonnick Cantilever Bridge Company, in memory of his adopted daughter, Jessie Louise Kwupp.

It will be known as the "Joseph L. Gonnick, President Of The Joseph L. Gonnick Cantilever Bridge Company In Memory Of Jessie Louise Kwupp Gonnick Playground And Municipal Park."

Mrs. Martha Stanton Throat, Regional President of the Federation of Hylan Five-Cent Fare Clubs, last night accepted the gift by telegraph in the absence from New York of James R. Ceiling, Supervisor of Playgrounds and Balloons, who is in the city on business.



The property, which extends from the Brevoort Hotel in lower Fifth Avenue to Morning-side Heights, will entail the demolishing of many of New York's famous landmarks. The Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, the Woolworth Five and Ten Cent Store, the Columbia Theatre, scene of Booth's and Barrett's many triumphs, the world-known Nedick Orange Drink Stand at Columbus Circle, together with the famous statue of the Great Emancipator in the Circle itself, will become merely memories like Madison Square Garden and Staten Island. Perhaps the greatest loss to the city's traditions will be the razing of Central Park. The plans for the new Gonnick playground and municipal park call for an entirely new physical appearance of the district included in the gift.

"I do not wish to be a half-way or Indian giver," said Mr. Gonnick last night in the Manhattan Bridge Club. "I plan to make it the most up-to-date playground in the world. After all, boys and girls are little more than children and must be encouraged and helped accordingly. They are little citizens in the making and I want everything to be the best."

"In order to do this I would like the public to help me spend my money well. Letters of advice from the public will be wel-

come and all suggestions will be treated confidentially."

Public interest in Mr. Gonnick's plan was noticeable yes-

terday when 3,618 letters of advice were received even before the announcement was made. One writer wanted to buy a lighthouse, while another, a widow, wanted a hundred dollars with which to open a little beer saloon on the Boston Post Road. Funds to carry them over temporarily were sent to each.

The gift of the Memorial Park is regarded by many as the final chapter of Gonnick's sensational adoption of the supposedly fourteen-year-old gypsy girl last Christmas Eve. The discovery that Jessie Louise was really thirty-eight years old instead of fourteen and the an-

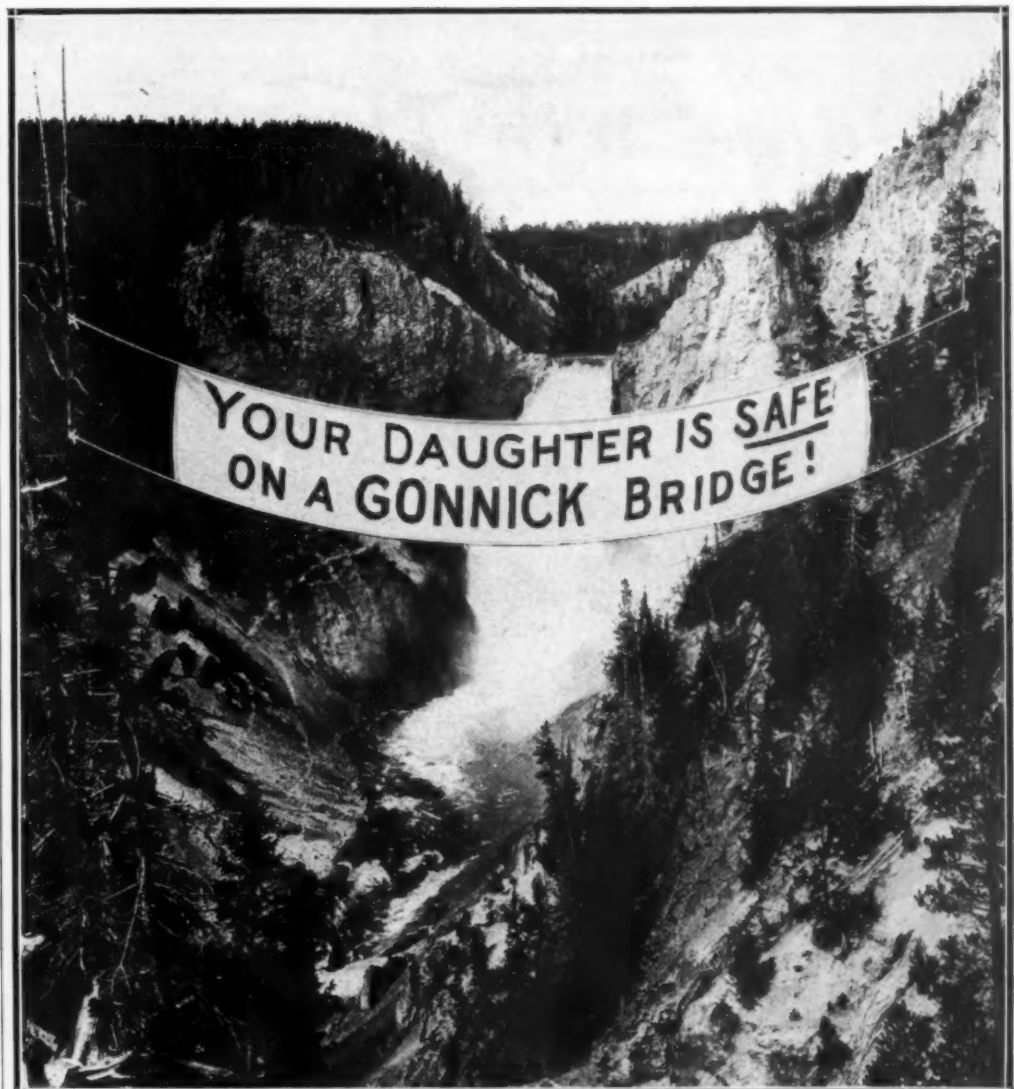
nulling of the adoption caused a sensation in diplomatic circles the following morning.

Jessie Louise's own story of the gift park will begin tomorrow and appear exclusively in DAILY LIFE.

"I will tell the whole truth," said Jessie Louise as she accepted the check, "and can promise you sensational developments that will blast reputations among people who think they can get by with murder."

A. E. KRIM HONORED

FEZ.—Abd-el-Krim, Riff leader, was today elected to the French Academy (the "Immortals").



MERRY kiddies will soon frolic in this big Municipal Park, gift to the city of Joseph L. Gonnick, bridge king. Gutzon Borglum, noted sculptor, has been commissioned to carve a mammoth head of Mr. Gonnick on rock at left.

Frame Up Dragnet In Love Loot Probe

(Special to DAILY LIFE)

The Art Institute in Chicago is one of the show places of that city. It was incorporated in the year 1879, and contains among its famous treasures more than 1,800 paintings, 1,000 casts of sculpture, 100 original marble statues and fragments of all periods, 3,500 prints, etchings, engravings and lithographs, 1,500 textiles of ancient and modern times, Peruvian and Egyptian to the Eighteenth Century, and extensive collections of porcelains,



Chan. E. Hughes

potteries, china, etc., a great part of the last-named being assembled in Gunsaulus Hall, among the Blanxius collection of English potteries and porcelains, one of the finest extant.

SUBMERGED?

GIBRALTAR.—Sailors crossing straits here report that the continent of Africa has disappeared. They picked up an old fez floating on the sea, indicating that the continent sank.

Winners of the WHO HAS THE BIGGEST NECK IN THIS COUNTY? Contest will be announced in DAILY LIFE soon, and the Republic of France awarded to the winner.



All letters to the Club, conducted by Helpful Harriette, will be invariably regarded as strictly confidential except when published. They will be invariably published except when their contents conflict with the United States Postal regulations.

CLEAN, WHOLESOME STEEPLEJACK

Lonesome Club: A clean, wholesome steeplejack of 54 summers, thrice left a widower by unfortunate accidents, would like a clean, wholesome wife to bring his lunches to him and

otherwise be a real pal. Wonderful chance to view the city and appreciate scenery.

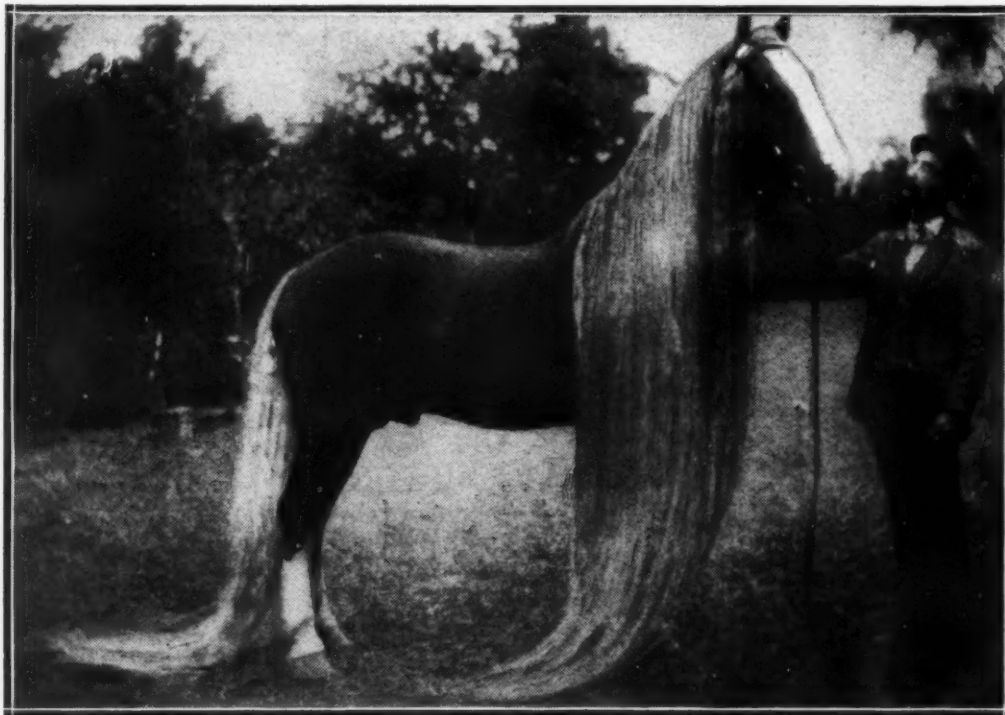
HANDSOME HAL.

CLEAN, WHOLESOME GENT

Lonesome Club: Isn't there somewhere in this great, big city a clean, wholesome, perfect gentleman who won't try to get fresh with a pretty little lassie from the country who has only been in New York 16 years and is of a trusting but unlucky disposition? Jewish, Roman Catholic or Protestant preferred, but am not bigoted. The last walrus I picked tried to flirt with me and then turned out to have less than \$2 in his kick.

TIMIDITY.

Kiddies, Win This Pony!



"Little Gem," the handsome Sealyham pony, which will go to the lucky Kiddy who wins this new and fascinating DAILY LIFE contest.

Hello, Kiddies!
How'd ya like to have a nice, genuine Sealyham pony to ride round on?

Sounds kinda good, eh wot? Well, here's where nice old Mr. Editor Man of DAILY LIFE is gonna let you in on a new and fascinating contest that'll be the berries.

"Little Gem," the dandy Sealyham pony pictured above,

will go to the lucky Kiddy (boy or girl, makes no diff.) who submits the best 120,000 word thesis on "The Syntax of the Temporal Clause in the Epistemology (sub specie aeternitatis) of the Sophists, Stoics and Epicureans."

Hop to it, kiddies—it's easy as pie. There's just only one tiny condition: the contest isn't open to anyone over six years

of age. So enclose your birth certificate with your theses.

Any kiddy can submit as many theses as he or she wants.

In the event of a tie, "Little Gem" will be divided between the tying contestants—six months of the year to the mother, and six to the father (who will be the legal guardian and must pay for "Little Gem's" education).

CLEAN, WHOLESOME HUMORIST

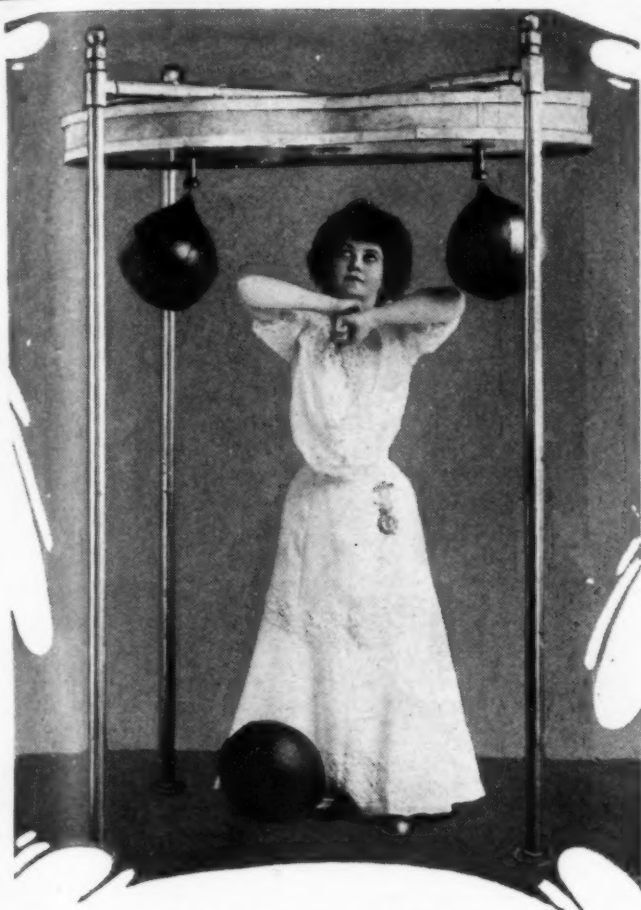
Lonesome Club: I am a clean, wholesome jolly girl, brim full of fun and always the lady, drunk or sober. Would like to meet a fellow with a keen sense of humor who would appreciate my wealth of stories about two funny Irishmen and would not make wise cracks about them, like a certain party I might name. I have an old file of "Puck" at home, and we could have such merry, simple evenings together. Or he could take me around to cabarets and shows if he feels he doesn't want to be a damned piker.

ALWAYS ROMPING.

A LINE O' VERSE

A man I know named Horace Flowers would sit an' frown an' scowl for hours an' kick his dog an' beat his wife an' see the dismal side o' life. Until one day a friend came up an' said, "Just smile, you gloomy pup. Chase gloom away, be gay an' bright, and everything will turn out right." So Horace heard this friendly dope an' started in to nourish hope an' pleasantly he started in to learn to chuckle, smile an' grin. An' then one day he came uptown to find his little home burned down, the while his family weeped an' wailed, an' pretty soon his business failed, an' he went out an' tried to beg, an' then he went an' broke his leg, an' couldn't pay his income tax, an' so he took a keen-edged axe an', just to bring this to an end, he murdered that obnoxious friend.

Home Girl Keeps Fit



VIGOROUS WOMANHOOD is embodied in lovely June Hough, Follies Girl, who follows the **DAILY LIFE** health rules and keeps in fighting trim even when rehearsing and learning new parts. "I want more **DAILY LIFE** readers to be like me," says June, "because I think **HEALTH** is a good thing and I like it. I wouldn't miss my daily work-out for anything."

BIG BLAZE

SORRENTO.—The city of Rome was destroyed today by fire. Pope Pius XI is reported among the missing.

McMurtrie Boulevard Belongs to YOU!

What are you going to do about it?

Better Bodies



What this country needs is more **HEALTH**.

Wherever you go you see sickly looking people who think there's something the matter with them when really all they need is **HEALTH**.



Our Editor

The best way to attain **HEALTH** is by clean living, and **DAILY LIFE** wants to see more of this clean living going on.

That is why we are starting a campaign for **BETTER HEALTH AND ONE MILLION CIRCULATION FOR DAILY LIFE WEEK**.

Celebrate this week every morning by taking a brisk walk to the nearest newsstand and buying from ten to twenty copies of **DAILY LIFE**.

When you have read through **DAILY LIFE**, with its snappy crime stories, its fascinating true tales from real life and its handsome illustrations of beautiful bathing girls, you will be a **BETTER MAN** or something.

Take a good deep breath every day at least! Avoid evil habits and false friends! Eat more fish! Write home regularly! See our big special **SUBSCRIPTION OFFER** on page 34 of this issue! **OBEY THAT IMPULSE!**

HEALTH is within your reach at only fifteen cents a copy.

THE ANSWER BOX

Q. I am afflicted with fainting spells, dizziness and spots before the eyes which make me odious to my friends and loved ones. What shall I do?

A. Paint it with iodine.

Q. I go to the theatre quite frequently as I love a good play and find all the people in the theatre coughing except me. I guess I never learned how to

cough and it is a source of very real embarrassment to me you may be sure. What would you suggest?

A. Paint it with iodine.

Q. The other evening some guests arrived unexpectedly and asked me to prepare a batch of maple nut fudge. What should I have done?

A. Paint it with iodine.

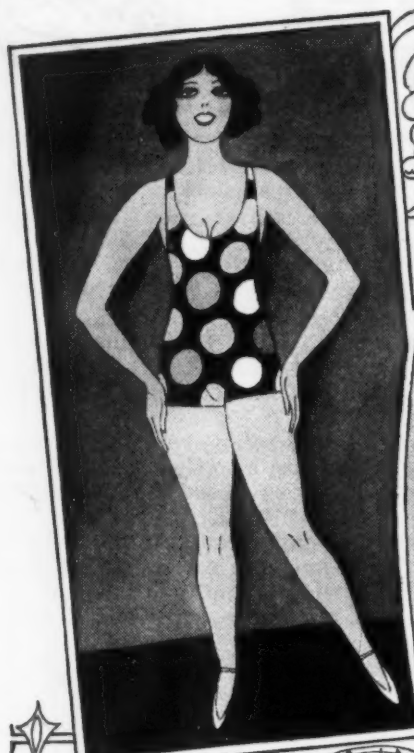
PERCY THE PIE-FACE

Is Zat So?

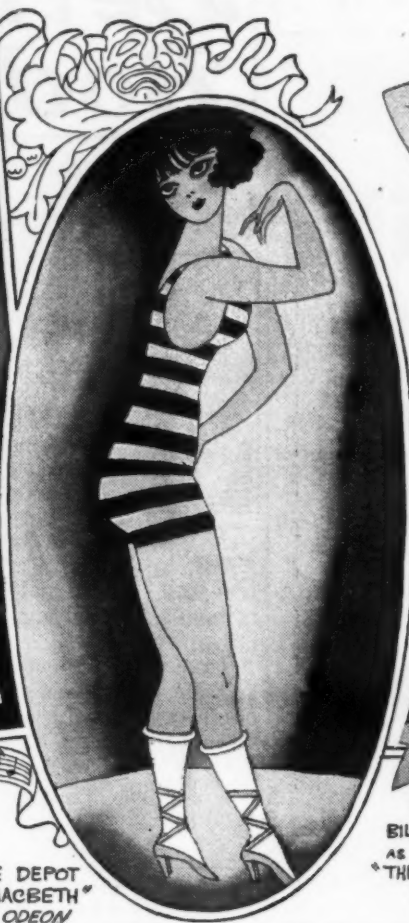


Up and Down Broadway

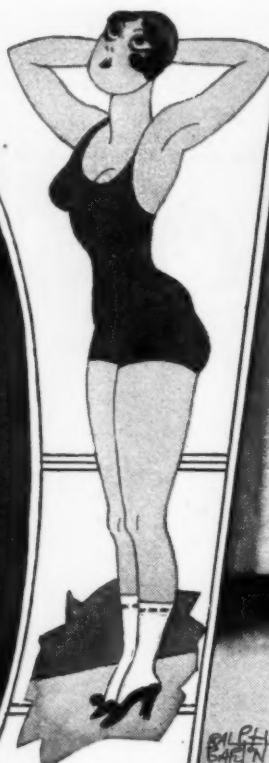
by Barton



HILDA BUICK AS
"HEDDA GABLER."
—AUDITORIUM



ANTOINETTE DEPOT
AS "LADY MACBETH"
—ODEON



BILLIE FIGHT
AS "MASHA" IN
"THE THREE SISTERS"
—ALHAMBRA



JACQUELINE VANMUNCH
AS "MAGDA"
—GRAND

THEATRELAND

"Hot Diggety," by Eugene O'Neill, opened last night and proved to be a clean play, cleverly presented and entertaining throughout.

It sets forth the story of John Carlyle (Sam B. Hardy) who is infatuated with his grandfather (Howard Kyle), thereby making his uncle (Leon Errol) extremely jealous and causing his first cousin, Jane Carlyle (Amelia Bingham) to go to Quantico and join the marines (Abe Erlanger and Marc Klaw).

John (Harry Watson) follows

her with his pal (William Faversham) and becomes involved in a series of farcical complications which are laughable in the extreme.

In the last act it turns out that John (Richard Bennett) wasn't

really in love with his grandfather after all, but had merely done the whole thing as a prank to fulfill the terms of his niece's (Julia Sanderson) will, by which it was stipulated that he must marry his grandfather before January 1, or forfeit the ten million dollars. Luckily the niece turns up in time and he marries her instead.



C. Darrow

Each new play that opens is reviewed for DAILY LIFE by a guest critic who is not connected with the newspaper or theatrical professions, and can therefore reflect the people's real point of view. Today's guest critic is Nigel Frisch, Hardware, Bismarck, N. D.

There are some rare bits of comedy contributed by Walter Catlett, as an old country squire, and June Walker, as the aunt, performs creditably, not to mention Ethel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, Alfred Lunt, Eddie Buzzell, Elsie Ferguson and many other members of this talented cast who contribute skilful performances.

NOTES

John Golden has offered a prize, open to students of Vassar College, for the best play on the life of Casanova. "It must be clean," says Mr. Golden.

The Eddie Cantor prize play will be announced shortly.

A prize has been offered by Jay Brennan, of Brennan and Rogers, for the best play about the Oxford movement in theology.

Announcement from the Marcus Loew offices indicates that 1926 will be known as "Metro-Goldwyn Year."

Mind a Blank

Posse Hunts Jazz Girl in Jersey Swamp

(Special to Daily Life)

In the temperate zones there are four seasons: Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter; beginning, respectively, at the vernal equinox, the summer solstice, the autumnal equinox and the winter solstice — for which, in the north temperate zone, the approximate dates are March 21st, June 21st, September 23d and December 21st.

In the south temperate zone, the vernal equinox or the beginning of spring is September 23d, the summer solstice or the beginning of summer is December 21st, and so on:

(Picture on Page 18)



Pola Negri

FILMDOM

Title: "PASSIONATE SIN."

Type: SEVENTEEN PT. CHELTENHAM.

Directed by: TRAFFIC DEPT., NEWARK POLICE.

Produced by HABEAS CORPUS.

Presented at the JUMEL MANSION.

Yoo-hoo! Whee-e-e-hee-e-e!

C'mon o-vah!

I'll tell the world!

Have you ever been chased by a shark? Or a polar bear? What would you do if a volcano suddenly started erupting while the ice began breaking up in the great spring log jam?

That's what ikkle Betsy Bronson has to ask herself in "Passionate Sin" as well as lots and lots o' other questions such as does dashing Monte Blue really mean what he says, was her mother lying when she told her she was found in the lost underground city and where do flies go in Winter?

The story itself, "as sweet as story ever told," is full of the tang o' the South Seas and the eerie mystery of the Northern Lights. Darling Bebe's bounding beauty of a distinct Spanish type has never been set off so well as against the historic ruins of the Parthenon. You are carried away with the quaint atmosphere of the Scottish Highlands, while the blond viking beauty of Rudolph Valentino just thrills you to tears—yes it does, too, all you little flappers and flapperses.

Lon Chaney's impersonation of the dissolute French Duke is just "fine and jim-dandy" while the other girl is played by Anna Q. Nilsson, Jacqueline Logan, Pola Negri and Mary Astor. And pretty hot stuff, I'll announce to the cock-eyed universe! "Passionate Sin" is delicate and elemental, whimsical and blunt, stupendous and oh, so touchingly simple. I liked best the part where tootsie-wootsie Alma Rubens refuses to marry Rikkie Barthelmess so he pushes her off the cliff. That's comedy for you!

They don't do no better than "Passionate Sin," nohow. If you miss this one, I hope you all get hangnails, I do. Not really, though. Just funning.

Well, so long, kiddies—see you in church. And don't put any wooden nickels in the collection plate!

Rudy and Natacha have gone their diff'runt ways, and another Hollywood love nest is shattered. Well, girls, here's your chance now. Write or telegraph your propositions to Film Editor, DAILY LIFE, and we'll forward them to Rudy.

We hear that kindly old Carl Laemmle is to screen "Buried Rainbows," an adaptation of James Oliver Curwood's story, "The Blood Trail," which he will write for Cosmopolitan Magazine as soon as Ray Long has told him the plot.



Lis'ning In

Joseph McErdle gave a novel and welcome program from Station WHWH of "Familiar But Unusual Noises." His imitation of the waters rushing through the Blue Grotto at Capri recalled many pleasant memories.

We also enjoyed the reading from Kraft-Ebing broadcasted by the same station.

HJM, the genial announcer of WRES, told us a new one which we are happy to pass on. It seems there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, both DX fans. "Begob, Pat," says Mike, "I tuned in on Seattle lasht noight." "Bejabers, Mike," answers Pat, "that's nothing. I shtuck me foot out of the window and got Chile (chilly)." Get it?

WRCB knocked off a slew of classical stuff which should have been a blue plate special for the brows. Spike Hooley took a fifteen-minute sock at Chopin, while Elso Garbein crowded his heels with selections from Bach, Brahms, Mozart, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Puccini. And maybe little Minna Plug hasn't got Beethoven backed against the wall and screaming for leniency!

WMUT's "Pleasure Hour" is a dandy feature. We nearly died laughing when that long list of prominent clubmen posted and credit suspended came over the air. We liked

the thumb prints and Bertillon measurements from Police Headquarters just as much. The "Pleasure Hour" is proving very popular with the fans. Hundreds have written in, some enclosing money.

Why doesn't some enterprising station put on a good, snappy ukulele number? We don't remember ever having heard one over the radio and we'd like to. There's a lot of us feel the same way, too.

Five Features for the DX Fans to Laugh Off

6:22 P. M.—MOO (408), Tallahassee. The Peanut Butter String Trio (ophicleide, jew's harp and marimba) in a selection of sacred and profane war-whoops. (Courtesy of the O-Son Nuttee Peanut Butter Packing Corp.)

7:86 P. M.—GAGA (804), Little Mitchko, Bessarabia. "Melons as House Pets," by Major P. Julius Peajulius, Chairman of the Walla Walla Board of Trade.

9:45 P. M.—TOTO (948), Hangkow, Mass. Description of the table manners of the Bhat Brahmins of the Upper Ganges. (By arrangement with the Acme Knife and Fork and Spoon Co.)

11:06 P. M.—DADA (084), Malta. "Washington's Farewell to His Troops." Soprano solo by Miss Sophie Eisendrock of Sol Eisendrock's Odd Pants, Inc.

17:¼ P. M.—MIMI (22), Tahiti. French knots, surf bathing, blemishes and house paint—a merry melange by The Happiness Boys (Eastern daylight saving time).

ROLLO THE RUNT



Is Zat So?



SEPTEMBER 10, 1925

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor
F. D. CASEY, Art Editor

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President
CLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Sec.-Treas.

DAILY LIFE PLATFORM

- 1—Higher Steps on Stage-Coaches.
- 2—More Holes in McMurtrie Boulevard.
- 3—Removable Arms on Theatre Seats.
- 4—A Curbstone for Every Sidewalk.
- 5—An End to the Bicycle Menace.
- 6—Olives in Every Child's Lunch-Basket.

SOMEBODY'S BLUNDER

A man in New Jersey is reported as having complained to his wife that he never could make his oyster-crackers and oyster-stew come out even. "I either have too few crackers for the amount of stew," he said, "or too much stew for the number of crackers." His wife is alleged to have answered that she didn't care.

Modern wives and modern husbands seem to be getting into all kinds of arguments. It is high time that we returned to the standards of our fathers.

SCORCHING STILL RAMPANT

The bicycle rider who speeds down the street leaving a trail of wounded and dying behind him is known as a "scorcher." He seems to think he owns the street. People who happen to be out walking have no chance unless they too are riding bicycles. It is getting to be so that no one is safe who does not ride a bicycle.



Even if the "cyclist" does not go fast there is still the danger of his pedals hitting something in their mad whirl round and round. It stands to reason that a big pedal jutting out from the side of a bicycle is going to hit something as it goes past and some day it may be you that it hits or your own mother.

Is the game worth the candle? The public is entitled to a square deal. Let the "scorchers" go where they can really "scorch."

LICENSING ROLLS

There are 2,000,000 rolls consumed in New York City alone. New York is what might be called "roll-mad." And yet there is no provision made for licensing these bread-stuffs or anything like them.

Certain people eat rolls with their coffee in the morning. Others like toast better. The French people are great roll-eaters and so are the German people. Travelers from abroad report that rolls are a great commodity all over Europe. In Budapest each and every



roll is licensed and has a tag on it giving its number. This makes it possible to trace any roll in case of trouble.

And yet America is supposed to be a civilized country.

THERE ISN'T TIME ENOUGH

A lot of people say: "Why bother with fixing up McMurtrie Boulevard when nobody sees it anyway?"

That is a lazy man's answer. Suppose it were your own home? Suppose nobody fixed up their own home except when company was coming? It is a cinch that people who talk like this are not very tidy about their own home life and it doesn't speak very well for their personal character either.

McMurtrie Boulevard MUST be saved!

TODAY'S HOROSCOPE

Today is excellent for opening tins of salmon or for anything to do with journeys, especially psychology. A spirit of irritation however makes it wise not to antagonize the fair-sex in any way, especially after eating. If Columbus Day fell on today it would be very favorable for it, too. This is a propitious day for putting stamps on envelopes and for beginning drinking. Unexpected fun is denoted but care should be taken not to antagonize the fair-sex. A good sense of direction is necessary today, otherwise you may get lost.



Today's Text: Who steals my purse steals trash. — Shakespeare.

NIFTIES

'Twas Ever Thus

Bjones had been in a nasty accident and, upon regaining consciousness, found himself in a hospital ward, with a beautiful girl standing by his bed.

"Who are you?" he asked, dazedly.

"I'm a trained nurse," she replied.

"A trained nurse, eh!" ejaculated Psmith. "Well, let's see some of your tricks." — *Christian Register*.

'Twas Ever Thus

Della: What shall I give Ella for a birthday present?

Bella: How about a book?

Stella: No—that wouldn't do. She's got a book.

—*Better Plumbing*.

'Twas Ever Thus

This is the time of year when the girls of America go to Atlantic City to hold their annual one-piece conference. — *Puck*.

'Twas Ever Thus

Reveler (who has done rather well by himself at a dinner given in honor of the Bishop of Brun by the Duchess of Blankshire and who, having been utterly unable to locate the key-hole in the door leading to his rooms at the Albany or, for that matter, to find the key itself, has now strayed to the Hotel Bismuth and approached the polite but rather tired room clerk with a view to engaging a night's lodging): I say—hic—my good fella—hic—have you a—hic—room—hic—

Night Clerk (who has been standing on his feet all day, first on one foot and then on the other, and who is now about to knock off): Have you a reservation?

Reveler: What d'ye—hic—think I am—hic—an Indian?

—*Punch*.

'Twas Ever Thus

Pop: Because there isn't any Santa Claus.

Little Willie: Why hasn't Peggy Joyce ever married Santa Claus, Pop?

—*The New Yorker*.

THE INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

Every Day He Asks a Question and Pictures Those Questioned

THE QUESTION: How's tricks?

THE PLACE:

The United Cigar Store on the corner of Unter Den Linden and State Street, Stockholm.

THE ANSWERS:

Otto Kahn, Banker: This great nation of ours will work out its own salvation in its own way. Look at the Boston Tea Party, look at the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, look at the Panama Canal, look at that man over there with a yachting cap. Yankee grit will win out every time.



Otto Kahn, Backer: No, women should not remove their hats in church. In the first place, a woman's hat used to be pinned to her head, thereby making removal awkward; and in the second place, women's hats are no longer pinned to their heads, but what has that got to do with it?



Otto Kahn, Banquet Guest: I don't believe that the Baseball used in the big leagues is any livelier than it was in the old days of Willie Keeler and "Iron Man" McGinity. The batsmen to-day are more alert and the pitchers



less so—that's all.

Otto Kahn, director Los Angeles and Salt Lake R.R., trustee Rutgers College, member English Speaking Union and good fellow: You can search me.



Chirps from Queer Birds

LOVE VS. DUTY

Tottenville: What has become of the old-fashioned pug dog? All you see these days are those disgusting airedales, chows, wolfhounds or the so-called Doberman pinscher. No mother wants to see her daughter with one of those cigarette smoking, flask-toting, jazzing, addle-brained "purps" and yet they seem to be all the fashion. I see they have taken to wearing Oxford bags, as well. What next? Why doesn't somebody do something about it?

FOUR BRAKEMEN.

AN OLD ONE

Altoona: Can anyone tell me the rest of an old song which used to be a favorite about the time of the land riots? The chorus went something like: "Behold, what manner of men are these,"

That wear..." I used to sing it quite a bit as a girl, but since a derrick fell on my head last winter I have quite forgotten the words. MRS. J. H. STICKEY.

A MEDICO PROTESTS

Mott Street: As a practicing physician I wish to go on record as being distinctly against the prevalent form of delicatessen sandwich. It is a little known fact that most of the common diseases of to-day, such as coryza and enlarged knuckles, are distinctly traceable to these subtle instruments of destruction. As I say to my patients, "every time you order a Hot Mamma Special, you are put-

ting another nail in your coffin." What the country needs is plenty of good, old-time, fresh poison ivy such as I had when a boy, and lots of it. Think it over.

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

GIRLISH CHARM

Yorkville: I am sick of hearing all these snide remarks about us flappers and how we dress and I want to ask these "fresh guys" where they get off? Would any of them give us their seat in the subway if we went back to long skirts? I guess not. Woman has found her independence and the men are just sore about it, that's all. Hurrah for bobbed hair, short skirts, cigarettes and freedom. If any "mere man" wants to make something out of it, let him ask himself suppose it was his sister? I guess that will hold him.

INDIGNANT.

COMMENDABLE THRIFT

Bedford Ave.: Some time ago I noticed in your good paper a plan to save McMurtrie Boulevard. I thought it was a very good idea at the time, and said so to my wife. Ever since, I have been saving boulevards and have persuaded a number of my friends to do likewise. Altogether we have saved quite a number and feel that we would like to turn them in for something useful. Will you tell us where we can exchange these boulevards for premiums or was the whole thing just a silly hoax? COLLECTOR.

DOLLARS FOR CRIME TIPS

Listen to this, folks.

DAILY LIFE is in the market for advance information of all good, live crimes. If you know of anything doing in the way of stick-ups, hold-ups, kidnappings, assaults, bank and cigar store robberies, or other social activities in your neighborhood, remember—

DAILY LIFE wants to know.

Call up the Crime Tips Editor, DAILY LIFE, and slip him the low down.

There's money in good live Crime Tips—for YOU!

If any good crime is about to be pulled off in this town, DAILY LIFE wants to be the first to know about it. And DAILY LIFE will pay for the information.

We will not be responsible for Crime Tips sent by mail. Always telephone.

And don't shoot before you telephone.

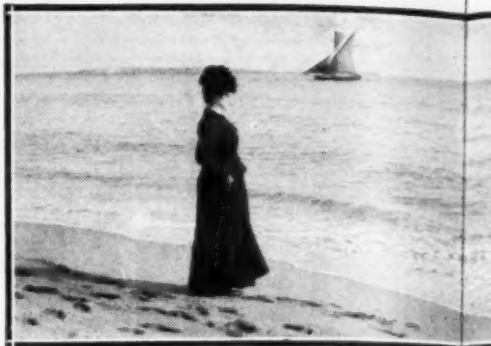
KID KOMICS



MISCHIEF is the key-note of this picture posed by Hal Roach and His Rascals in another of those "Our Gang" comedies. They are all here, "Beany," "Tubby" (see if you can find her in the picture), "Snooks," "Farina," and all the rest of the fun-loving crowd of boys and girls.



FRESH-AIR and comfort are features of this brand-new rest-room for women employees of Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. In private boxes are Landry W. Heaming and his two sons, Max, 13, and Ben, 15.



ABANDONED on desert isle by sailor lover for being naughty girl, Miriam Launsh of 385 Ocean Boulevard watches departing ship with mingled pleasure and regret.



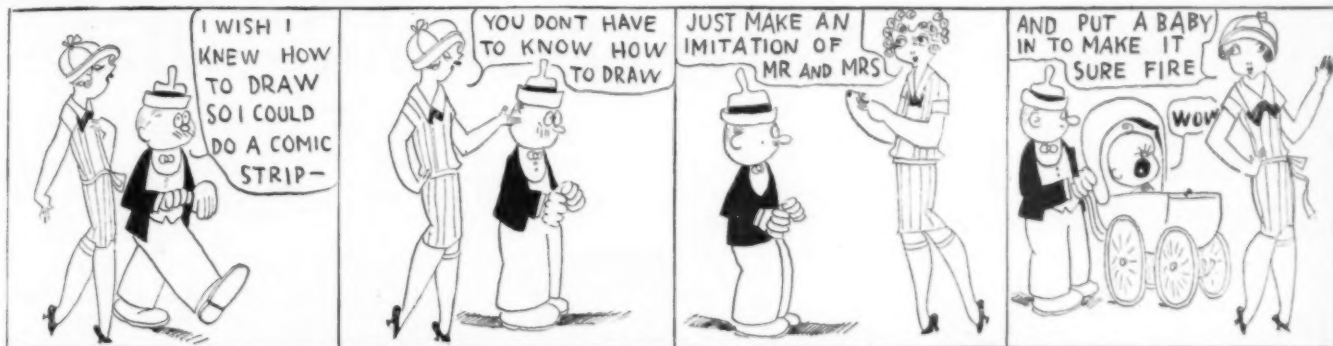
AMUCK on Bailey's Beach, Newport "debbies" yesterday create racing back and forth in strange manner. R "Girlie" Rasmussen, Edna George, and "G"



LARGEST GOLD TOOTH in world being through London Westminster Abbey by victory-crazed British dentists assembled

MILLIE THE MORON

Is Zat So?



desert isle
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regret.



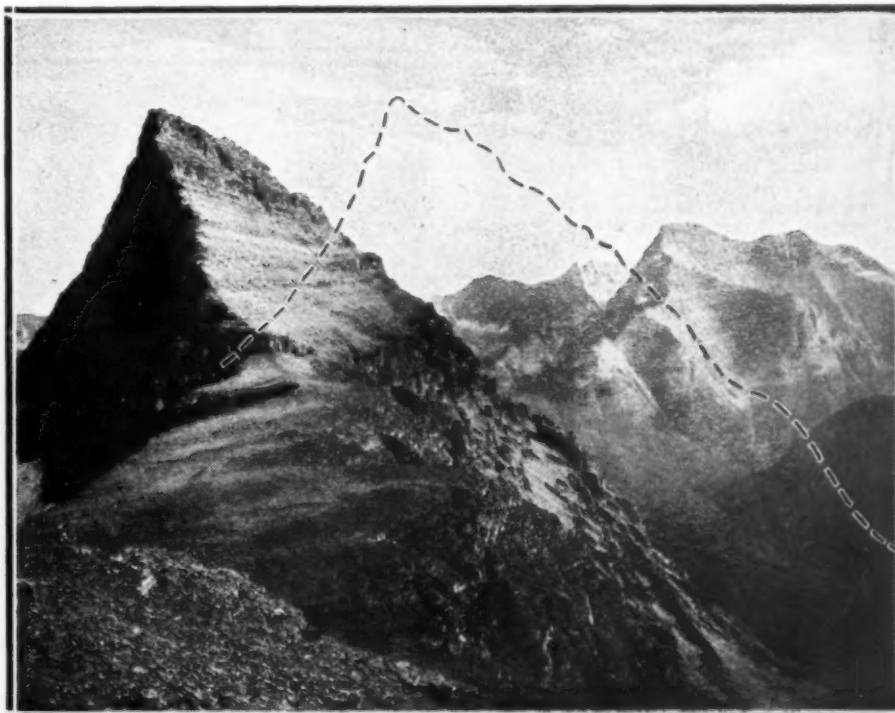
each, Newport, three well-known
terday created mild sensation by
e manner. Reading east to west,
erge, and "Guess Who."



WORSE THAN DEATH would have been fate of native women pur-
sued by fiends in human form in high-
powered surray had not Fate in person of DAILY LIFE photographer intervened (shadow
in foreground). Now all three are happy again in home at 1279 Eckle Ave.



in work
through
ts assembled
being carried with full military honors
London streets to new resting place in
assembled in convention. Final score 14-5.



FIDGETY peak moves eight feet in middle of night. Dotted
line shows original position of Sugar Loaf Mountain,
Interstate Park, which, through odd cataclysm of Nature, shifted without
warning on Wednesday night to position shown in photo.

'My Parents Never Told Me'—Babe

Girl Slayer's Own Story

DAILY LIFE Secures Exclusive Confession as Seventeen-Year-Old Begins Long Jail Term

HER head held high, a wan smile playing about her strong, yet delicately chiseled face, pretty Dora "Babe") Zwanzinger, 17, confessed slayer, started on her long road to rehabilitation yesterday via the State Penitentiary.

To-day, clad in dull gray prison garb, she is plain No. 114618769231, serving a sentence of 40 years which, prison officials say, can be reduced to not less than 15 months by simple arithmetic.

"A message for DAILY LIFE?" said Babe as she milingly posed for the photographers with Detective Kilarney handcuffed lightly to her wrist.

"As I look back at it now, it all seems like a dream. And yet it was so real, so real.

"I was only sixteen and knew nothing of life. I had been brought up in the country, by trait-laced puritanical parents.

Shields Other Man

AND then a man came into my life. He was handsome, elegant, an easy spender and I thought I could trust him. I will not name him, for he is now married and has a wife who loves him. His name is Robert Stevens.

"What could I do? I loved my child and the fact that in the eyes of a bigoted world he had no father could mean nothing to me. Here and now I hate, and let those intellectuals who will receive it with a sneer, that all that I am I owe my mother.

"At the time it seemed such a simple matter. I was to have gorgeous gowns in which to show myself in the beautiful cafes and gardens of the town, there would be money which I could send home to my family that was so bitterly in need of it, trips to the Mediterranean on palatial yachts were not only possible but certain,—and so I yielded, as who would not?

Shares Last Crust

IT was not too late, however, as Ralph De Palma learned to his cost. My mechanic rushed to the pits, seized the essential parts, applied them to our smoking machine, and we were on our way, having lost a precious, though not an utterly essential, two laps.

influence my entire life. I had been at the Casino, where I had lost heavily, and was on my way back to Cannes in my motor, wrapped in my bitter thoughts, when he stopped me: I can see him still, his cynical eyes penetrating through the light of the match which he held to his cigarette in his cupped hand.



Judge Gary

"I sat there, alone on that New Year's Eve and said to myself: 'See here, you have been going to the barber for fifteen years. At an average outlay of two dollars a week, that makes a total of \$1,500, or the interest on \$25,000. Why not shave yourself?'"

"As usual, I was the last person to notice it. His affair with the Euphrosyne woman was the talk of the whole town before it reached my ears.

"And here I am, to-day, an old woman, friendless, penniless and no longer beautiful. But I have, praise be, my memories."

Are You Doing Your Bit To Save McMurtrie Boulevard? Get Together, Citizens, and Wipe Out Our City's Disgrace!

Is This Doomed?



MIXED BATHING must stop say many prominent clergymen and divines, inaugurating NATIONAL APPLE WEEK. Scene snapped by DAILY LIFE photographer shows what mixed bathing looks like.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF PARENTS

(Has Mother or Daddy "pulled a good one" at the table? DAILY LIFE will pay \$100 for every bright saying published. This contest is open to everyone provided he is a member of the DAILY LIFE staff or his or her immediate family.)

Papa was tucking me into bed last night, and just as he was turning out the light, I thought I would ask him a question, so I said: "What is an optimist, Pop?"

"A man who thinks he can make it in par, my son," he came right back. Not bad, I thought at the time.

Tony Mussolini,
22 Worm Drive,
Panacea, Pa.

My mother Myrtle often sends us children into convulsions of laughter by her quick wit, and ready comebacks. Several days ago my father was talking in his sleep and he kept saying: "Olive!" Well, my mother asked him the next morning: "Who was Olive?" and he said: "Oh, just a horse I bought yesterday."

So to-night when Myrtle meets him at the head of the stairs, she says to him: "By the way, Peter, your horse called you up to-day."

We children laughed to see how father's face fell, closely followed by father.

Willie Doolittle,
Aged 5,
Boonton, N. J.

Fatal Fun

Kin Rush Aid As Life Ebbs

(Special to DAILY LIFE)

A good story is told by Paul Poret, famed fashion designer, at his own expense. It seems that a little girl entered his atelier one day and asked M. Poret to give her a sentence with the word "calliope" in it.

The great man thought for some moments and finally was compelled to "give up."

"The more fool you," said the little girl, whose true confessions will appear exclusively in DAILY LIFE.

How'd ya like to get into the movies? How'd ya like t' own a Rolls-Royce station wagon? How'd ya like to hob-nob with all the high mucky-mucks in Newport? Read DAILY LIFE—that's the answer.

OUR NATIONAL SPORT

By Roth



GIANTS LOSE

(Special to DAILY LIFE)

Boston, Mass.—Standing at the edge of the precipice with his back to the wall and only his stout right arm barring the door against the onrushing wolves, which hurtled crisis upon crisis in his teeth, Jack Bayou, Boston's veteran pitching ace, picked up the gauntlet this afternoon and lance a-couch in this crucial series charged the Augean stable.



Queen Marie

Headless of the Old Man of the Sea clinging to him, facing his Waterloo and, like the Old Guard, refusing to surrender, he turned rout into victory, pulling the chestnuts from the fire with Machiavellian skill, so that when the sun sank westward in a blaze of glory, it cast the ruddy halo of triumph about the stalwart form of this Balboa, high upon a peak in Darien, where the waters of eternal youth flowed gallantly beneath.

The score by innings:

	R	H	E
New York	0	0	0
Boston	0	0	0

27 0 0
28 1 1

Ticket Grab Probe

Judge Landis is investigating rumors that all tickets for the World Series have fallen into the hands of speculators, who have skipped with them to Europe, where they are selling them as tickets to the Dempsey-Willis fight. "We'll keep this series CLEAN," said the Judge.



SAVE McMURTRIE BOULEVARD! DRIVE THE SCORCHERS OFF OUR STREETS! KEEP OUR YOUNG GIRLS OUT IN THE OPEN AIR! READ DAILY LIFE!

Leaders Tighten Grip
As Pennant Goal Nears

By SID GULCH

As the sixteen major league clubs round into the stretch and race toward pennantdom, optimism reigns in the rival camps. "Whoever beats the Giants," said McGraw today, "will know they've been in a fight."

SPORT TIPS

THERE'S a lotta loose jack lying around down at Belmont Park these days. The wise-birds are keeping their eyes peeled.

Apple-sauce!

What if Big Bill an' Little Bill an' Vinnie Richards do cop the Davis Cup? They ain't got anything to put in it.

Bologny!

It looks like Babe Ruth should've stayed in the hospital after all.

Banana Oil!

When asked for a statement, Bill McKechnie just smiled. "They may nose out the Pirates at the final gong," he said, "but they'll know they've been in a fight."

Intense optimism is the order of the day among the hustling Senators. "When they get through with us," said Bucky Harris, kid manager and personal friend of President Coolidge, "they'll know they've been in a fight."

"I'm not saying a word," were shrewd old Connie Mack's words, "but you can tell your readers that anyone who gets there ahead of the Athletics will know they've been in a fight."

When interviewed at the Yankee's club-house, Midget Miller Huggins said, "I know we've been in a fight. But next year, as Kipling said, is another story."

FINAL
EDITION

DAILY



LIFE

THE
WEATHER
(PICTURES ON
PAGE 4)

CUBS, REDS, SOX WIN

Story on Page 20



DIFFICULT PUTT made by Miss Rachel Glovis, Women's Semi-Open Champion, at Roachdale yesterday. The plucky Miss Glovis made this pennant-winning putt against a high wind and with the added disadvantage of being partially surrounded by a tent at the time.

Story on Page 18

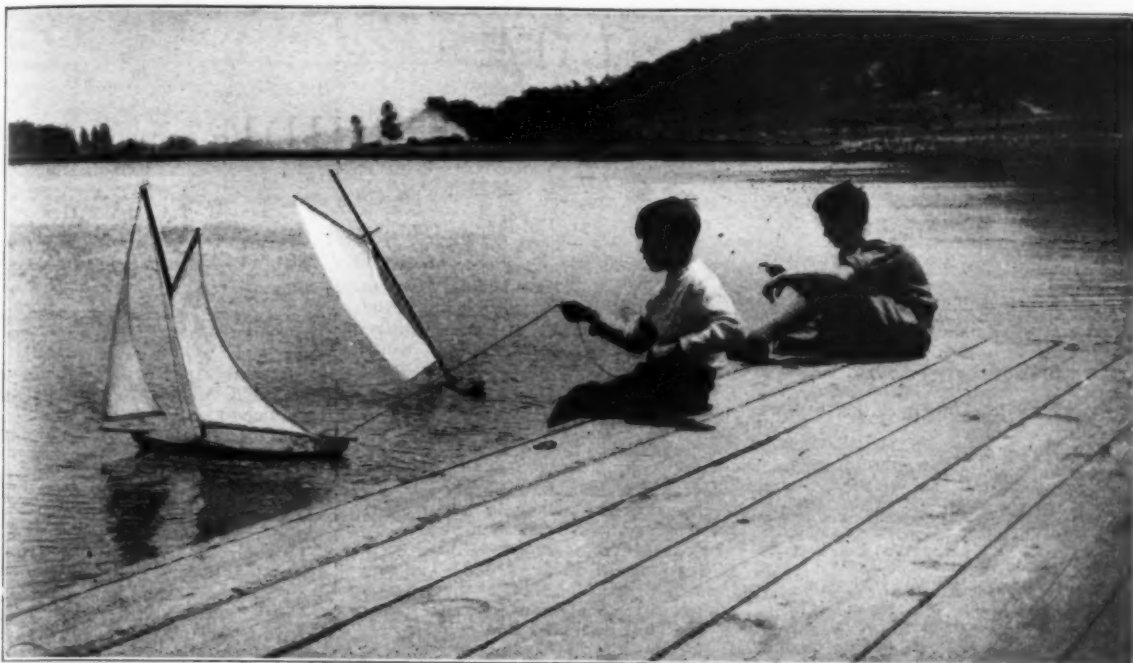


HAPPY as a lark at the exciting finish of the Whippet Road Race was Mike Rosin, the winner. Caught by the photographer as he stumbled across the tape, the young athlete is shown recognizing his teacher among the cheering throng.

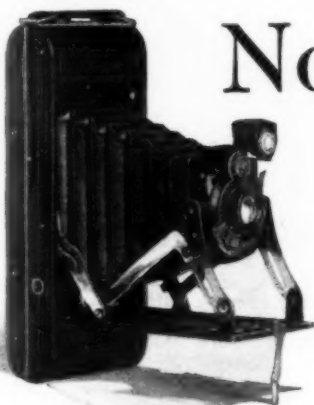


A TENSE MOMENT in the third period of the game between the Gas House A. C. and the Young Turks. O'Rourke of the former team is trying to see how high she can hold the ball off the ground while her opponents are endeavoring to rattle her and make her cry.

Story on Page 9



Enlarged from a negative made with 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II. This camera makes such sharp pictures that when you want enlargements you can have them.



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• LIFE •

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

By Robert Benchley

More or Less Serious

Aloma of the South Seas. *Lyric*—The torrid zone in love and allied arts.

Desire Under the Elms. *Cohan's*—The way of a maid with a man on a rugged New England farm. A Eugene O'Neill version.

The Dove. *Empire*—Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson in regulation Mexican stuff.

The Little Poor Man. *Princess*—Poetic drama dealing with St. Francis of Assisi. Don't say we didn't warn you.

The Sea Woman. *Little*—To be reviewed next week.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—A boost for California fecundity, with Pauline Lord, Leo Carrillo and Glenn Anders.

White Cargo. *Wallack's*—This was all right, as we remember it, but not good enough to last this long.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Sometimes it seems as if we just couldn't go on like this, year in and year out.

The Bride Retires. *National*—Give a guess.

The Enchanted April. *Morosco*—To be reviewed next week.

The Fall of Eve. *Booth*—To be reviewed next week.

The Family Upstairs. *Gaiety*—Another glimpse into the ever-popular middle-class flat.

The Gorilla. *Scheyn*—A mad burlesque of a melodrama.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—A prizefighting play from last season which is still making them laugh.

The Kiss in the Taxi. *Ritz*—To be reviewed next week.

Oh! Mama. *Playhouse*—To be reviewed next week.

The Poor Nut. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Good legitimate comedy centering round a collegiate track-meet.

Spring Fever. *Maxine Elliott's*—Two entertaining acts to amuse golfers and one act to amuse bed enthusiasts.

White Collars. *Sam H. Harris*—A home comedy with at least an original idea behind it.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—The versatile Hoffmann Girls and Phil Baker going to make up the best show the Winter Garden has seen in a long time.

Big Boy. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Al Jolson in his personal whirlwind.

Gay Paree. *Shubert*—An elaborate Shubert revue, with Chic Sale.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—Intelligent burlesque of last season's plays and players.

June Days. *Astor*—The old "Charm School" made unrecognizable by music and dancing. Elizabeth Hines a pleasing addition, however.

Kosher Kitty Kelly. *Times Square*—You'll never guess where they got the idea for this.

Louie the 14th. *Cosmopolitan*—Leon Errol in a large and beautiful show.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—To be reviewed later, just as if the rest of the country hadn't seen it already.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—Still good. **Scandals of 1925.** *Apollo*—The current George White offering, and you know what that means.

The Student Prince. *Jolson's*—You can't beat the singing.

Vanities of 1925. *Earl Carroll*—Julius Tannen in the midst of several million girls.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—An unknown quantity at this writing.

Silent Drama

By R. E. Sherwood

The Gold Rush. To be reviewed next week, but in the meantime, don't miss it.

The Home Maker. A rather dreary attempt to reflect a misfit family.

The Phantom of the Opera. Spook melodrama on a grand scale, ably directed by Rupert Julian.

Shore Leave. Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill do fine work in a pleasant sea-going comedy.

Sally of the Sawdust. W. C. Fields is good in flashes, but what ever became of D. W. Griffith?

The Trouble with Wives. One of the most thoroughly civilized comedies that have ever come out of Hollywood. It was directed by Mal. St. Clair, who deserves to be watched.

The Unholy Three. Lon Chaney and others in a singularly fine melodrama.

Never the Twain Shall Meet. A little South Sea girl and her American lover, just about as usual.

A Slave of Fashion. Interesting display of fine clothes and other attractions by Norma Shearer.

Kiss Me Again. Ernst Lubitsch again demonstrates the self-evident fact that he is the finest director of them all.

Don Q. Douglas Fairbanks in a melodramatic comedy that is better than "The Mark of Zorro," which is not faint praise.

Paths to Paradise. A whirlwind farce, with Raymond Griffith and Betty Compson.

Books

By Baird Leonard

Firecrackers. By Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). Our most sophisticated American novelist adds more to his reputation. To be reviewed later.

Glorious Apollo. By E. Barrington (*Dodd, Mead*). Truth is stranger than fiction, a fact which has been admirably capitalized in this novel about Lord Byron. The news that the protagonist's extraordinary personal beauty was due to his liberal consumption of vinegar should be of real money value to the pickle interests.

The Crystal Cup. By Gertrude Atherton (*Boni & Liveright*). A story about a lady who was lovely, but frigid, and if the jacket's blurb writer has done better for Mrs. Atherton than she has done for herself, I am going up to Albany to see if something can't be done about such publicity under false pretenses. To be reviewed later.

Prairie. By Walter J. Muilenburg (*The Viking Press*). Fictionizing the American pioneers.

The Perennial Bachelor. By Anne Parrish (*Harper*). The Harper prize novel for 1925, a point which a curious undefined interest in some of Mrs. Parrish's past performances prompts me to hope will not be a handicap. To be reviewed later.

Father's First Two Years. By Fairfax Downey (*Minton, Balch*). What every man with progeny knows.

The Forsyte Saga. By John Galsworthy (*Scribner*). This slipped in of its own accord. There should be a Federal statute requiring all members of this club to read this book, and if your blood pressure wasn't what it should be at the last test, go right out and buy a copy, running every step of the way.

Free. By Elizabeth Irons Folsom (*Macaulay*). The jacket calls it a decidedly new interpretation of Middle Western small-town life, which it would certainly have to be, wouldn't it?

A Lady of New Orleans. By Edwina Levin MacDonald (*Macaulay*). This is the story of a patrician Creole who loved well but not wisely. (And really, getting right down to it, who ever does the latter? Or, from the point of view of us old cynics, the former?)

The Tangram Book. By F. Gregory Hartswick (*Simon & Schuster*). Sublimated paperdoll stuff, and why these enterprising publishers should have failed to supply the scissors is nobody's business.

Brigham Young. By M. R. Werner (*Harcourt, Brace*). Another interesting adventure in biography. To be reviewed later.



THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

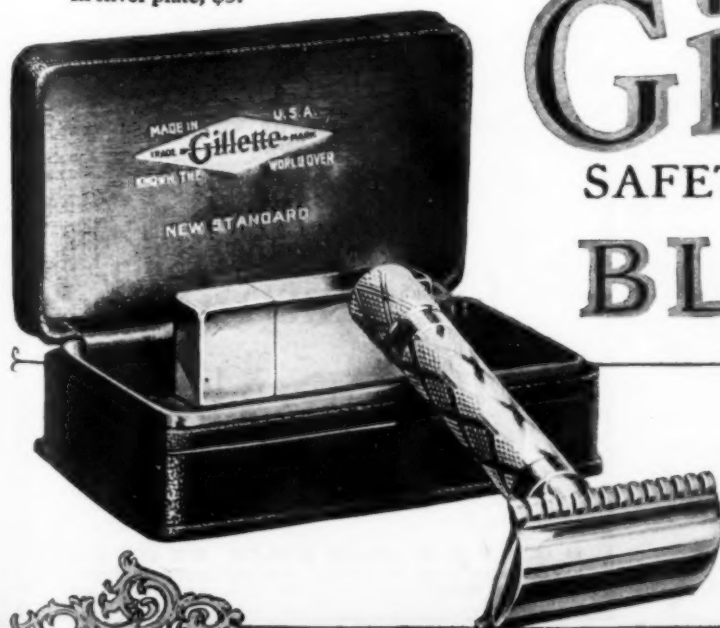


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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Literary Note

Punch complains because Col. Lawrence of Arabia has published his life and works at the prohibitive price of 30 guineas. A good soldier should sell his life dearly, shouldn't he?

—*Chicago Daily News.*

New Occasions

The kind of mother who used to say her twelve-year-old daughter was six, so she could travel on half fare, now says she's sixteen, so she can drive the car.

—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE prize for absent-mindedness goes to the man who was knocked down by the surf and looked for its license number.—*Columbia (S. C.) State.*

"Does your husband ever take advice?"
"Occasionally, when nobody is looking."

—*Boston Transcript.*



"YOU WANT LEAVE? WHAT FOR?"
"I'M A MARRIED MAN, AND I'D LIKE TO SURPRISE MY WIFE."

"WHO WITH?"
—*Le Ruy Blas (Paris).*

A Maugham Compliment

An Englishman is not necessarily inferior to a Frenchman when it comes to turning a compliment. Mr. Somerset Maugham was asked recently in Paris by a Frenchman what he thought of the translation of one of his novels by Mme. Blanchet.

"Since I have read the French version," he replied, "I have the feeling that I translated it very badly into English."

—*London Daily Express.*

Amended

If a man built a better mousetrap than the rest, the chances are that some mousetrap company would give him \$1,000 for the full patent rights, and then he could go back to the woods and beat his own path.

—*Akron Beacon Journal.*

"HULLO! What's your father doing with your toy boat?"

"S'hh! When Dad has it it's a model yacht."—*Passing Show (London).*

SOME husbands can pay their debts promptly, but most of us are good to our wives.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

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The American Scene

(Is This the Great American Play?
Or Isn't It?)

SCENE 1

WIFE: It's time to get up, dear.

MAN: All right.

(Goes back to sleep.)

SCENE 2

MAN (dressing): Where are my shirts?

WIFE: I forgot to mend them. Sorry.

(Man kills Wife.)

SCENE 3

CONDUCTOR: Good morning.

MAN: It is not.

(Kills Conductor.)

SCENE 4

MAN: I want to see Mr. Goosh.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: He's in conference.

(Kills Telephone Operator.)

SCENE 5

SPEAKER AT ROTARY LUNCHEON: So the first man said to the second man, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" And the second man replied, "That wasn't no lady, that was my wife!" Ha! Ha!

MAN: RRrrrr!

(Kills Speaker at Rotary Luncheon.)

SCENE 6

TRAFFIC COP: Pull over to the curb there! Think you're going to a fire?

MAN: No, you are.

(Kills Traffic Cop.)

SCENE 7

NEIGHBOR: Well, is this hot enough for you?

MAN: What if it is?

(Kills Neighbor.)

SCENE 8

FORMER NEIGHBOR (from Kalamazoo): It's a small world, after all.

MAN: Yes, too small.

(Kills Former Neighbor from Kalamazoo.)

SCENE 9

MAN (to himself): It's a great life.

(Kills himself.)

J. C. E.

A Guide to the Diner-Out

THE Winningates—East 61st Street. Ask you for eight o'clock, but never sit down till quarter to nine. Likely to put you next to some one you have avoided for years. Plenty of cocktails, but not much to follow. Full of old wheezes.

THE Carringfords—Sutton Place. Excellent hors d'œuvres, but cold-storage birds. The old man insists upon mixing the salad dressing himself. Much talk of a superb wine-cellar, but no results. Domestic cigars.

THE Thombly-Joneses—Park Avenue. Great on theatre parties, but never arrive until the end of the second act. A slippery dining-room floor.



Serve grape-juice punch after the fish. Bring your own cigarettes.

THE Innestairs—Washington Square, North. Don't arrive on time. Mrs. I. always late and effusively apologetic. Mr. I. usually all in. Strong on spaghetti, but weak on conversation. Chianti with a kick to it. Think the butler makes it.

THE Clayberrys—East 51st Street. Never enough cocktails, but always a crowd of relations. Russian art and the high cost of living the favorite topics of discussion. Once in a great while will produce some admirable brandy. As a rule, only iced water. Insist upon exhibiting the little ones.

THE Demmingbrookes—East 72nd Street. Never fewer than thirty covers. Two bands and a troupe of prancers. Pol Roger and Johnny Walker their best friends. Platinum-tipped cigarettes. Coronas under glass. Get the address right. C. G. S.

Louvain Library Fund

THIS being the season when funding of nations' debts or making some arrangement for their payment seems prevalent, how would it be for America to join the procession and finish this Louvain matter? It was our nation's promise; and high time we fulfilled it.

Besides, the new Louvain Library is America's memorial to her soldiers in the cemeteries of France, the boys who didn't come back. Help us to pay for that memorial.

Previously acknowledged....	\$881.00
Parker B. Newell, Plainfield, N. J.....	1.00
Mrs. P. M. Stimson, Chamonix, France.....	10.00
	\$892.00

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Lather



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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Down to Essentials

"A San Francisco man tells me a good Mary Austin story," writes our Santa Fe correspondent. "Mary was staying at a hotel and, not wishing to be annoyed by the idle chatter of the bourgeoisie, she had insisted that she be assigned to a private table in the dining-room. One day a sudden crowd caused the manager to beg Mary that she allow a young man to sit with her. She agreed reluctantly, but instructed that he be warned as to silence.

"The meal progressed, and Mary could see that the young man was preparing to address her. Seeking to forestall him, she cut in icily: 'I don't believe you know who I am, do you?'"

"'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'you're Mary Austin, and I'd like the salt.'"

—Chicago Daily News.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Unsavory

The Governor of Arkansas was visiting the State penitentiary. A colored woman inmate who was cooking in the prison kitchen desired an interview with him, which he granted. She asked for a pardon. The Governor asked her:

"What's the matter, Auntie—haven't you a nice home here?"

"Yessir," she replied, "but I wants out."

"Don't they feed you well here?"

"Yessir, I gets good victuals; dats not hit."

"Well, what makes you dissatisfied?"

"It's dis way, Guvner: I's got jus' dis one 'jection to dis place, and dat's de reputation it's got out oveh de State."

—Fort Scott (Kan.) Tribune.

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md

Strange Props

Carrying his luggage and his golf clubs, he climbed into an ancient hack and told the driver, an old Negro, to take him to the local hotel. The colored man eyed the queer-looking bag with its queer sticks. Finally his curiosity got the better of him.

"Boss," he began, "please, suh, 'scuse me, but mout I ax you a question?"

"Go ahead and ask," said the passenger.

"Whut kind of a lodge is you institut?"—American Golfer.

We Doubt It

It has been suggested that hoeing is just as good exercise and just as good fun as golf. But has any one ever seen four men hoeing a field and stopping every few minutes to laugh and slap each other on the back?

—London Daily Express.

SIMILE—As wet as a Congressional junket.—Detroit Free Press.

The dread Pyorrhea
begins with bleeding gums



Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—inflicting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

Formula of
B. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO.
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Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



A NATURAL BEAUTY

Enjoy a youthful appearance of exquisite charm minus that "made up" look. A beauty so natural, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected. Made in White-Flash-Rachel

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ORIENTAL CREAM

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ford. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City



The positive relief for SEA, TRAIN AND CAR Sickness. Stops the nausea at once. 25 years in use.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct on receipt of price
The Mothersill Remedy Co., New York

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

LIFE's FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-eight years. In that time it has expended \$294,468.13, and has given a fortnight in the country to 47,647 poor city children.

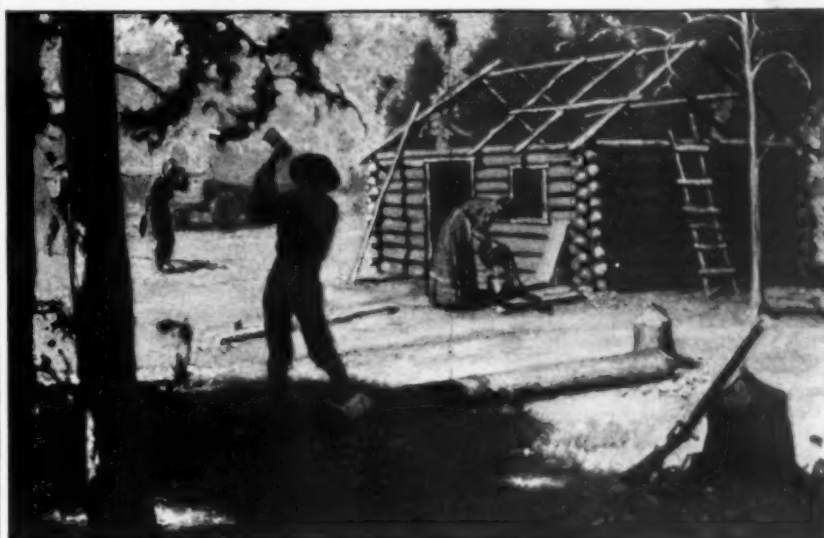
Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE's FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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NOT LETTER PERFECT

BUT DOING THEIR BEST TO SEND WORD HOME TO MOTHER THAT THEY ARE WELL AND HAPPY AT LIFE'S CAMP FOR GIRLS, BRANCHVILLE, CONN.



Building for America's growth

The early builders of America made their houses of rough hewn logs or of stone or adobe lifted from the earth. Settlements grew to towns, towns to cities. Small stores and shops were built, and these in turn were torn down to make room for bigger ones. Roads, bridges and railways were constructed. Factories and skyscrapers were erected. And so, swiftly, the America of today appeared, still growing.

In the midst of the development came the telephone. No one can tell how much of the marvelous later growth is due to it—how much it has helped the cities, farms and industries to build. We do know that the telephone became a part of the whole of American life and that it not only grew with the country, but contributed to the country's growth.

Communication by telephone has now become so important that every American activity not only places dependence upon the telephone service of today, but demands even greater service for the growth of tomorrow.



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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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(Continued on next page)

To Our Newsstand Buyers

We suggest that you request your newsdealer to deliver LIFE to you with your newspaper every Tuesday. This will prevent your missing any of the splendid numbers planned for this fall.

May-Breath FREE

Send coupon for a box



A Pure Breath is simply good manners

Millions have turned to this NEW way—scientific protection that you carry with you, always

THERE is no question any more about bad breath. Years ago, it may have been unavoidable. Today, it's judged unpardonable.

Now millions are avoiding this offense in an amazing, simple, new way.

What it is

May-Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form; dainty little tablets that you carry with you.

Dissolve one in your mouth, that is all. Instantly your breath is purified, given the freshness of Maytime.

Not a mere perfume; for that simply cries out your effort at concealment. Not a liquid purifier that can only be used at home. May-Breath supplies constant protection in the most convenient way.

Bad breath comes from so many causes that scarcely one person in fifty escapes it at one time or another.

Stomach disorders may cause it, or food fermenting between the teeth. Certain foods and drinks are peculiarly apt to cause it. Smoking is a chief offender.

Carry May-Breath with you. It's in flat metal boxes that fit into your purse, or a pocket.

Never risk close contact with others, never go to a dance or theatre without taking the precaution of a May-Breath tablet.

Send the coupon and we will gladly send you a box free. Then you will know the good it brings.

May-Breath is now on sale in Canada

MAY-BREATH FREE

15c box sent—just mail this

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1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Your Name.....

Address.....

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Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

(Continued from page 31)

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Fougere Royale Stick, 75c; Cream, 50c; Talcum, \$1.00; Eau Vegetale, \$1.25; Facial Soap, 50c.

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A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON



Johnston's

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SUMMER or winter, springtime or fall, Johnston's is the accepted offering—it bears the stamp of social approval. ... For Johnston's is good taste. ☞ ☞ When you are considering a graceful gift, one that compliments the recipient as well as the sender, give Johnston's.

Johnston's is worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

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\$28, 89



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EASIER playing qualities of Conn instruments, the result of exclusive Conn processes, speed your progress, give you quickly the pleasure and profit of personally played music. Used and endorsed by the world's greatest artists.

FREE TRIAL: Easy payments on any instrument for band or orchestra. Send today for catalogs and details; mention instrument.

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Hartle, a R. R. mail clerk, read this book and made \$10,000 the first year. Kenneth stepped from \$60 a month to \$324 in 2 weeks. Barry, a farm hand, now earns \$1,000 a month. Hundreds get big pay in most fascinating profession. By amazing new system of home study you learn the selling secrets of Master Salesmen, get equivalent of actual experience. Definite rules and laws make selling as easy as A B C. Takes only 20 weeks to master the secrets that others use to earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. Free employment service to all members.

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By the Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)
Please send me LIFE for Ten Weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40).

SPECIAL OFFER

IT'S YOUR TURN

to start the fall campaign for Bigger and Better Laughs—and start it RIGHT. How? By becoming a regular reader of

L i f e

The regular LIFE reader has it all over the other kind. If you don't belong to the Regulars you run the risk of missing the best laugh of the week. You can't afford to let that happen.

A dollar invested now will bring you our complete fall line—ten issues—including the Pedestrians, Crime and Football Numbers. Let economy be your guide and—

Obey That Impulse

SPECIAL OFFER

By the Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)
Please send me LIFE for Ten Weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40).

LIFE
598 Madison Avenue
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Clark's 4 Famous Cruises

By Cunard line, new oil-burners
Jan. 20, Around the World Cruise
westward. 128 days, \$1250 to \$3000.

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62 days, \$000 to \$1700.

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and Buenos Aires; 50 days, \$550 to \$1250.

June 30, 1926, Norway
and Western Mediterranean; 53 days, \$550
to \$1300.

Rates include hotel, drives, guides, fees.
Longest experienced cruise management.
Established 30 years.

F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

Fallacies

THAT "Art is long" I've heard of it;
The statement is a bloomer.
That "brevity's the soul of wit"
Is copy-bookish rumor!
I offer, to refute such chaff,
This thought impressionistic—
That Congress always is a laugh
And not the least Artistic. W. D.



Less 25 lbs. What a difference

Now in every circle you see countless slender people who once were fat. You see ten times as many as you used to see.

Ask them how they lost that excess. Some will say "abnormal exercise and starvation diet." But more will mention Marmola Prescription Tablets. That's the easy, pleasant, scientific way.

Marmola has been used for 18 years. Millions have learned its efficiency. Now people are taking over 100,000 tablets daily to attain the slenderness they wish.

Marmola is no secret. We state every ingredient, tell how and why it acts. You will use it when you know it, if excess fat is robbing you of beauty, health or vigor. Find out the facts in fairness to yourself.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

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DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for
25c Sample
Free

200

People You Hear About

Otto Schmaltzfink

He's a sketch, a regular sketch. Always the life of the party, if you know what I mean. Slaps you on the back and calls you by your first name right after he's introduced.

Always cutting up some practical joke. You'd die laughing. Then he pretends he's Charlie Chaplin or Buster Keaton. First thing you know he's pulled a chair out from under you or pinned your sleeve to the tablecloth.

There's no holding him once he gets started.

People tell him he ought to be on the stage, but he says why deprive Al Jolson of a living? That's him all over. Never at a loss for an answer and just running over with pep. He's a sketch, all right—a regular sketch.

Andrew Tillotson

If you ever get two words out of him, it's a conversation. Nothing but "Yes" and "No," even to his best friends, they tell me. One of these strong, silent men, like President Coolidge.

But don't believe he's got no brain in that quiet head of his. That fellow could give you facts by the yard if he wanted to open his mouth. They say he knows the name of every person that's ever had a complaint against his company, and the exact date. That's what you call a memory. But not a word out of him unless you ask him a question right to his face. Silent—that's what he is. Strong and silent, if you know what I mean.

Ephraim Pettingill

That's what I call a go-getter. Say, he can sell you anything, once he gets his hand on your coat-lapel. There's no getting away from him.

Good-natured, you know, and not rough, but determined. Like the fellow in the ad that points at you and tells you what you need.

Never seen such a persistent cuss. Just won't take No for an answer. He took a course in one of those correspondence schools and he's won a dozen prizes for salesmanship in the different companies he's been with.

Last year he had the attendance record in the Lions' Club, and he belongs to one of them secret societies, too, like the Elks.

All for business, he is, and no time to waste on silly things like art, although they say he'd be a first-class pinocle player if he concentrated on it. Nothing fancy about him, but a good provider for the wife and kiddies.

Say, he can tell a joke, too, and he's very popular, even with the ones he sells goods to. A go-getter and a he-man. That describes him. S. S.



Keep your teeth shining with Pebeco

On your Salivary Glands depends the Loveliness of your Teeth

SALIVA should flow over your teeth to the extent of several pints daily. These alkaline fluids counteract the acids that collect on your teeth from food.

But few people today have this normal salivary flow. With our soft, modern diet, the salivary glands have slowed down. Our teeth, unprotected, decay.

PEBECO gently promotes the flow of your natural alkaline saliva. With daily use Pebeco entirely restores the normal, protective flow of your glands, neutralizing the acids of decay as fast as they form.

Do not let your teeth deteriorate. Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. See how white and shining your teeth can be. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., N. Y. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.



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For Tough Beards

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Tender Skins

YOU will find relief and comfort in a jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. It rapidly softens the toughest beard and prevents shaving irritation. Its exclusive properties soothe and cool the skin and heal troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin soft, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send 2c. stamp for sample.

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"THEIRS is a platonic friendship."

"Goodness! Are they watched that closely?"

THE week's award for keeping rivals at a distance goes to the Los Angeles astronomer who announces that the climate of the moon is similar to that of southern California.

PREVENT Seasickness WITH SEOXYL

A real scientific discovery made by a prominent practicing physician. Not a patent medicine. Formula printed on the package.

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SEOXYL positively prevents and checks seasickness, train sickness, automobile and air nausea.

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Little Stories of Success

Tact Wins

It seems that Mrs. Hoosis, a housewife, was determined to be "modern" and "up-to-date." Her husband, Mr. Hoosis, was determined that she should remain just a "regular" housewife.

"Dear," said Mrs. Hoosis one day, addressing her husband, "would you mind very much if I had my hair bobbed?"

"You are damn right I would," replied Mr. Hoosis, with feeling.

P. S. She got the bob.

Make Good

Miss Evinrude Rush, a "pretty" stenographer, was taking dictation from her "boss," a promising young business man who was a bachelor.

"My, my," said she, during a lull in the morning's "work," "it certainly is hard on a girl to have to work for her living. Sometimes, when I go home at night, I am so tired I can hardly drag myself to the movies."

"Well," said her "boss" laughingly, "you ought to get married."

P. S. She got the boob.

Did Not Watch Clock

Emil Schmoos was just a baker's assistant in a bakery. One day he was helping the baker bake a batch of bread.

"Keep your eye on that bread," said the baker in dialect. "It should stay in the oven exactly twenty minutes."

"All right," said Emil, nodding.

In half an hour, the baker returned, woke up Emil and took the bread out of the oven. It was badly burned.

Why did you not take out the bread in twenty minutes?" inquired the annoyed baker.

"I did not watch the clock," said Emil seriously.

P. S. He got the air. S. P.

I See by the Papers

THAT there is a bond salesman in Chicago who has never referred to a bargain as a "good buy."

That there is an owner of a medium-priced car in Iowa who has never vouchsafed the priceless information, "In driving a car, YOU know what YOU are going to do but you never know what the OTHER FELLOW is going to do. You've got to think for yourself and the other fellow."

That there is a sales manager in Saginaw, Michigan, who does not begin his business letters with "In re so-and-so."

That there was a schoolteacher spending her vacation in Maine this summer who did not pretend that she was a milliner, a stenographer or a private secretary.

That a speaker who addressed an

Are You Ready?

Are you ready to enjoy social duties, sports or recreations?

If not, try HOSTETTER'S Celebrated Stomach Bitters, for over seventy years noted as a wholesome tonic, appetizer and corrective.

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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Indiana Rotary club was not introduced as "A man of vision whose message I am sure you will all want to hear." (He had to introduce himself.)

That they have caught a murderer out in Wyoming who insists that he is sane. (His lawyers are using this as proof that he is crazy.)

J. E. H., Jr.

Meaty Pecans From New Orleans to You

These delicious nuts average 50 to 55 to the pound. Delivered prepaid—C. O. D. or on receipt of money order or personal check. 1 lb. \$1.25; 5 lbs. \$5.35; 10 lbs. \$10.25; 25 lbs. \$25.00. All orders will be shipped soon as possible from new Fall crop. Address Dept. A.S.

Every Pecan Trademarked



Wear-proof style—in wash-proof colors

We have put a lot of snap into the new fancy-patterned Ipswich socks in distinctively masculine colors that washing does not fade, and lively designs that don't wear off.

Ipswich *Fancies* match up well with swagger sport shoes and flannel trousers but there's nothing to hinder your wearing them any other time when you feel like letting your feet look a bit smarter than usual.

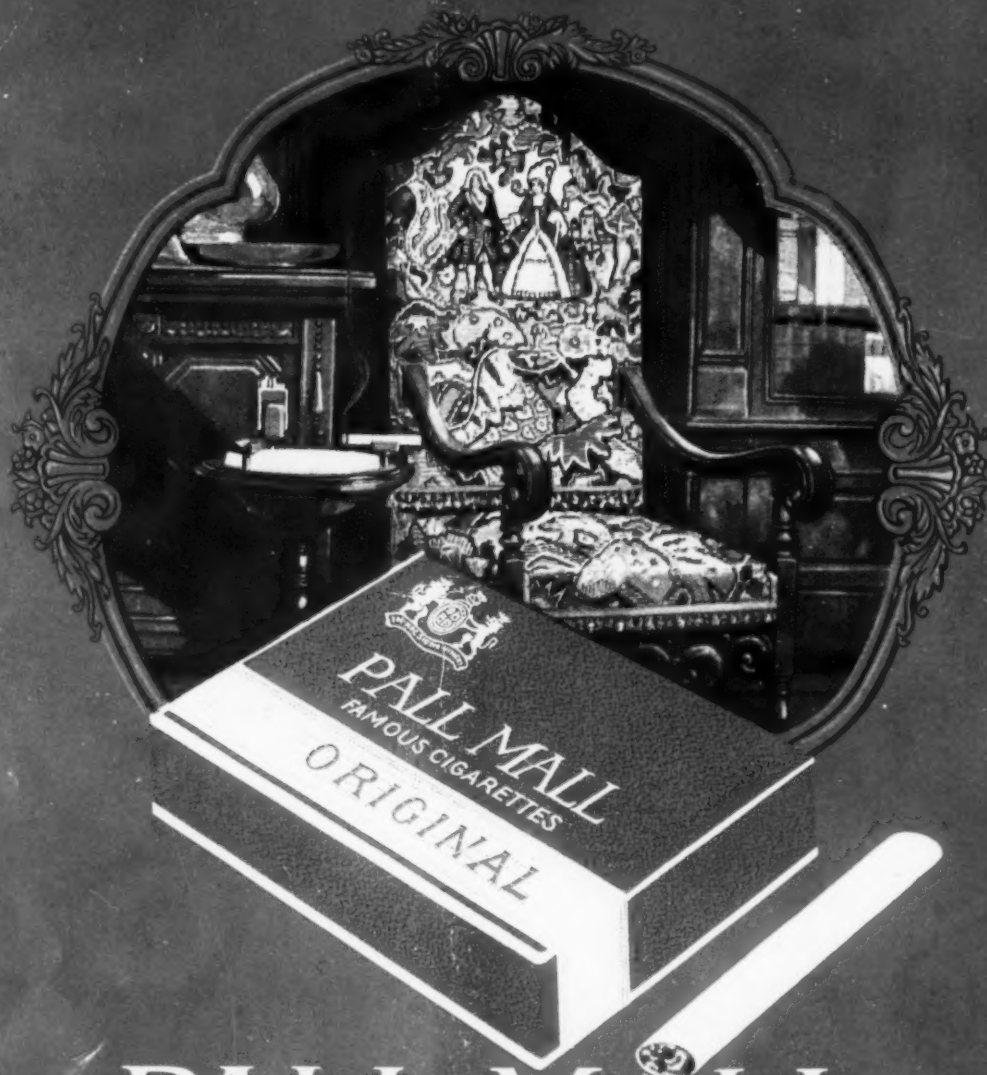
The name and mark of Ipswich stamp distinction on a complete line of men's socks produced in silk, rayon, wool and mercerized cotton. Ipswich dollar stockings for women are a standard of value on most hosiery counters. Other Ipswich styles for men, women and children vary in price from 25 cents to \$1.85, depending on the fabric and fashioning.



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